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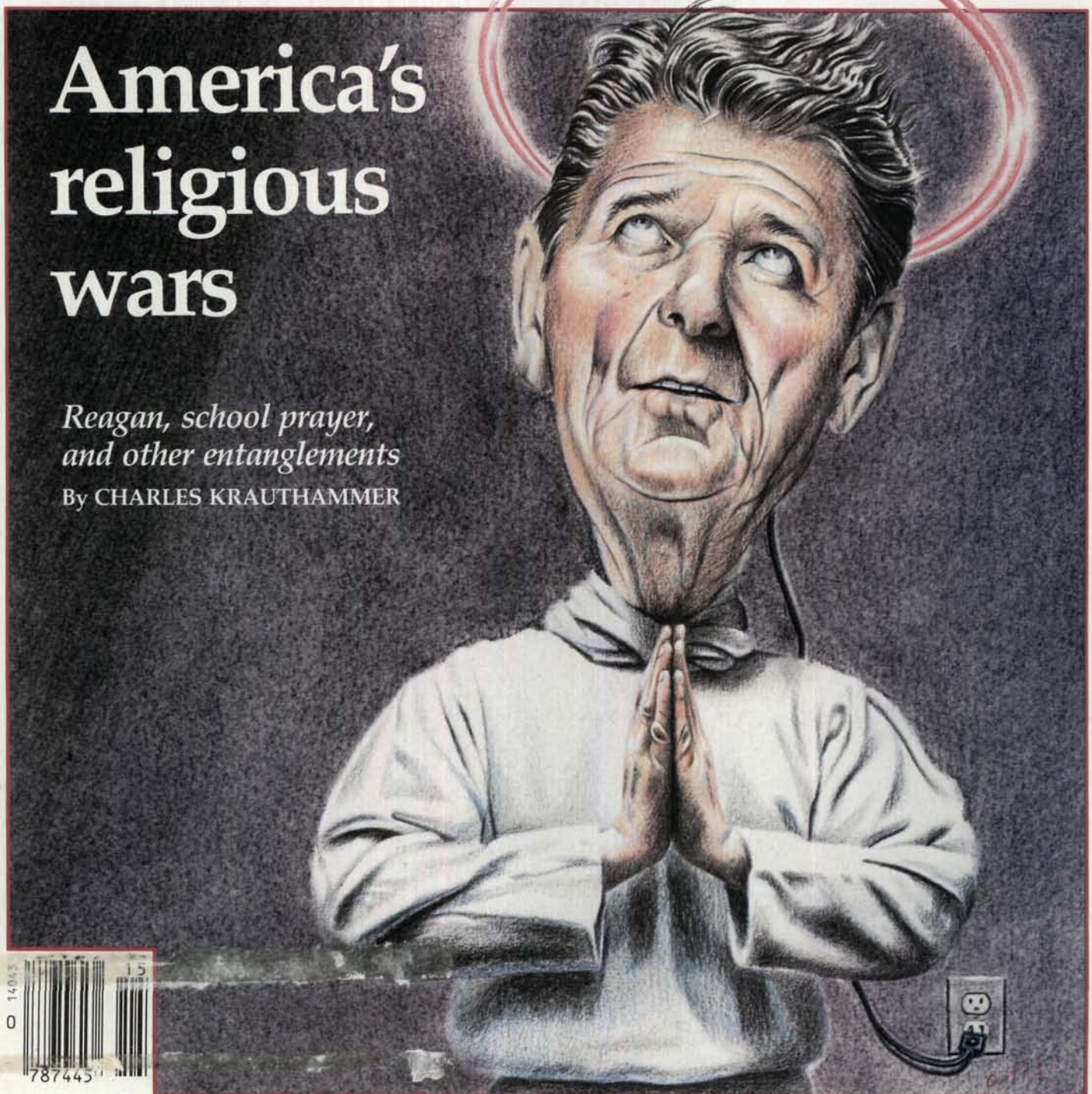

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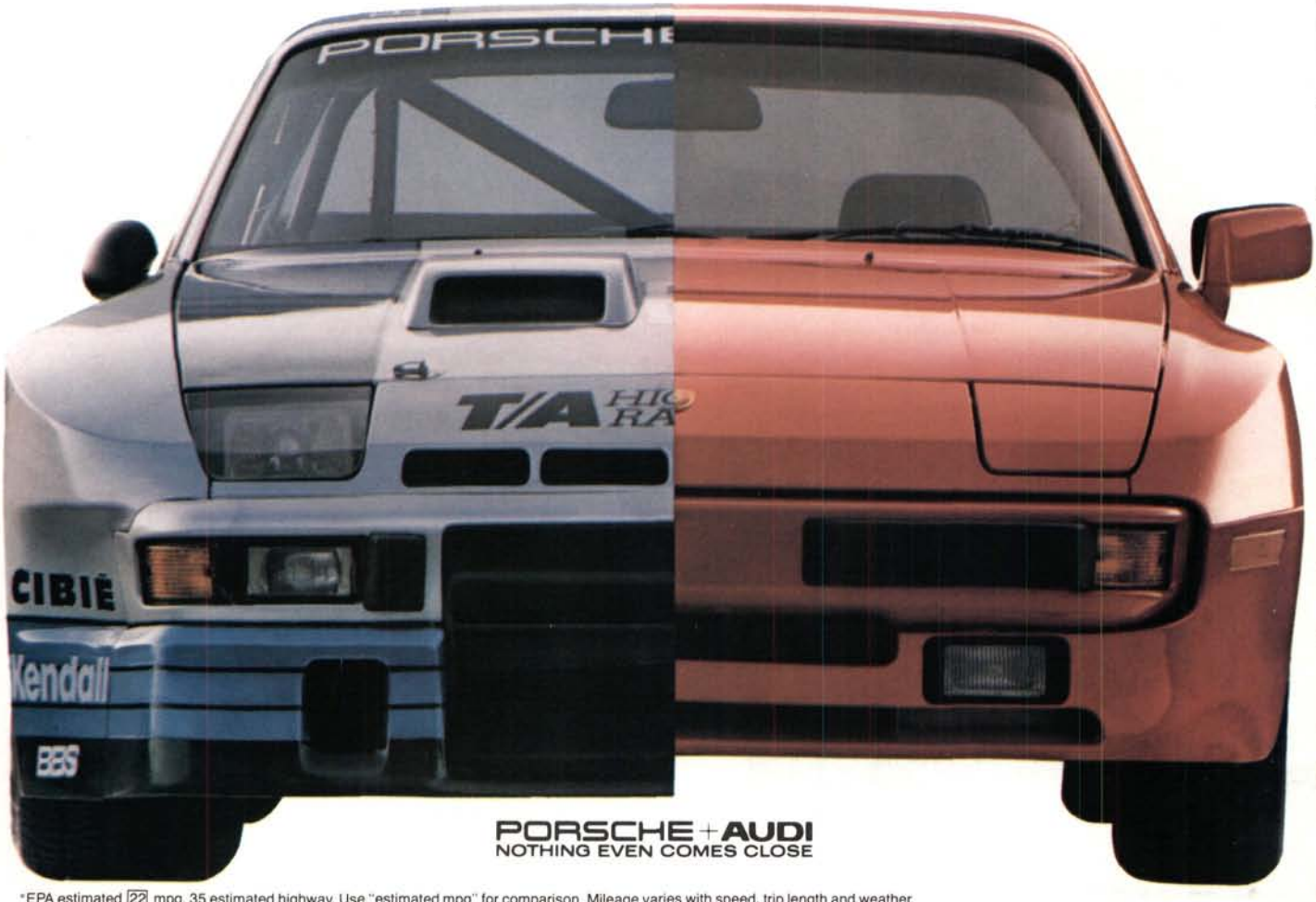

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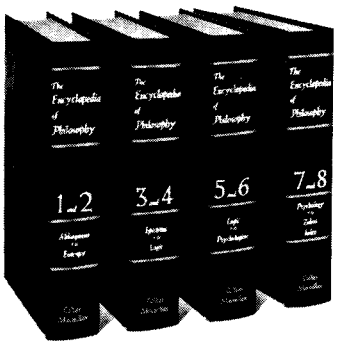

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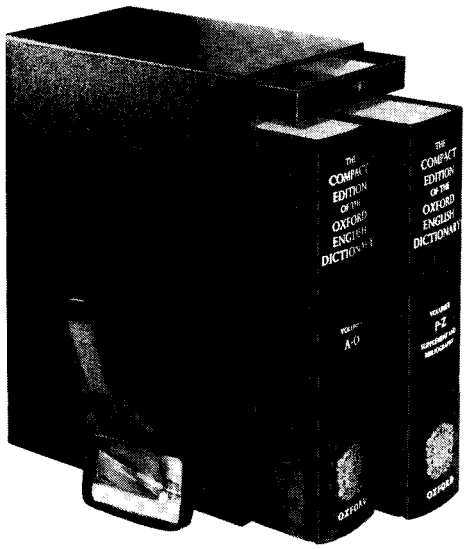

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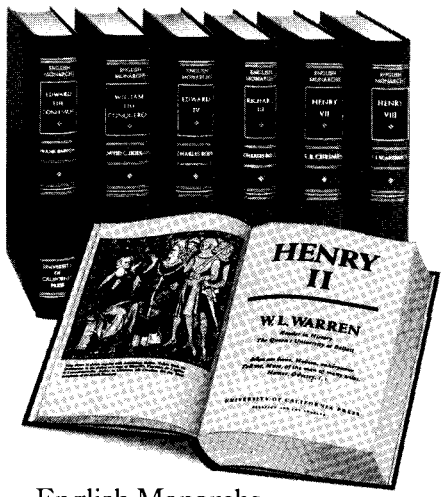

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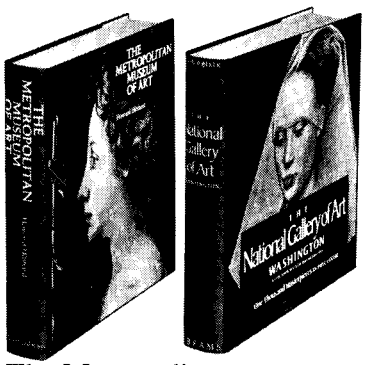

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CORRESPONDENCE

GERMANY'S PAST

To the editors:
Although I applaud Walter Laqueur's "Post-Pershing Germany" (TNR, March 5), some of his concluding remarks seem to underestimate the long German past. He states that anxiety and discontent found in the West German public should not be taken literally and that "none of this goes very deep." But the search for self-identity and the fear of outside powers are not new manifestations of German life, and they indeed go deep. The Greens may very well not succeed as a political party, but the emergence of the nature-oriented, anti-establishment group is no freak occurrence. It reflects themes reminiscent of the Romanticism and youth movements of the late nineteenth century.

As for anti-Americanism and the so-called Atlantic alliance, Americans like to cover up the heart of the German-American relationship with John F. Kennedy's "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" speech at Potsdamer Platz. We seem to forget that the basis of the relationship is that of the conquered and the conquerors. But times and alliances do change. Germany has come of age, and, whether we like it or not, there is no longer room for overprotection on our part.

JAMES R. PALMITESSA
Brooklyn, New York

To the editors:
Mr. Laqueur states, "The Augsburg Confession . . . kept peace between Catholics and Protestants over much of Europe for almost a century after [1530]." Mr. Laqueur is confusing the Augsburg Confession of 1530 with the Religious Peace of Augsburg in 1555.

The Augsburg Confession presented at the Diet of Augsburg by the Lutheran theologian Melanchthon was rejected by the Roman Church then and continues to be rejected by that church today. It remains the primary theological statement of the Lutheran Church. The Religious Peace of Augsburg was the political settlement between the Lutheran and Roman confessions which did settle peace for some time between them. It did not affect the Calvinists, since they weren't a party to it.

THOMAS R. STENGER
Tacoma, Washington

THE HEAVENS CAN WAIT

To the editors
In "Impurities From Heaven" (TNR, March 12), the editors endorse the Waxman-Sikorski Acid Deposition Control Bill as "a compromise that equitably distributes the cost of controlling acid rain. . . . " Unfortunately this compromise, which would effectively require the installation of costly scrubbers on the fifty largest electric utility sources, would cost $1 billion per year more than the alternative policy of simply requiring a reduction in total emissions. Given a choice, many of those fifty utility sources would prefer to meet mandated emission reductions targets by burning low sulfur coal rather than installing scrubbers. If utilities were free to make this choice, perhaps two thousand coal miners in high-sulfur coal areas would lose their jobs. The Waxman-Sikorski bill would preserve those jobs, but at the exorbitant cost of $500,000 per job per year. It would be far less costly to adopt the cost-effective policy and use the savings to retrain displaced miners for other work. Those advocating a significant reduction in acid deposition have argued that this is necessary for the health of the environment. But it is equally important to the health of the economy that these reductions be achieved in a cost effective manner.

A. MYRICK FREEMAN III
Georgetown, Maine

WORKED UP

To the editors:
When I learned in TRB's "Greed and Envy" (TNR, February 27) that no one's prosperity comes primarily from individual effort, well, I had a case of the vapors. American prosperity comes, TRB says, from a sort of self-renewing genetic pool—some get imprinted, others don't. A dandy piece of economic determinism. The disparities of income are imputed to luck, not to work and productivity. This rationale provides a neat moral justification for practically unlimited redistribution, since, individual affluence being accidental, no moral onus is attacked to its confiscation. Socialism rests on the gnostic idea that poverty and other ills are inherent in unjust "structures," and individuals are

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,612

WASHINGTON, D.C. — APRIL 9, 1984

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 190, Number 14, Issue 3,612, April 9, 1984. (Printed on March 21, 1984.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated January 9 & 16, July 16 & 23, August 13 & 20, and September 17 & 24, 1984) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $45; foreign, $67; Canada, $55. Back issues, $2 (includes postage & handling). ©1984 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscriptions inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737-0001.** For subscription problems call **800-645-9559** (In New York State call 800-732-9119).

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FROM WASHINGTON

NEOLIBERALS, PALEOLIBERALS

To everyone's surprise, the Democratic Presidential race is turning into exactly the right debate about the meaning of the Democratic Party: the debate between neoliberals and paleoliberals. The old debate between Scoop Jackson Democrats and McGovern Democrats was mainly about foreign policy, but this debate is mostly about the Democratic Party's central concern: the role of government in society. And unlike that other debate, this one doesn't easily break down into right and left because it's about means, not ends.

Walter Mondale, of course, is the paleo and Gary Hart is the neo. Neither one may care for his label. But the labels are fair enough (as labels go), because the two men and their campaigns really do represent what is best and worst about these two tendencies within the Democratic Party.

Put simply, neoliberalism (unlike paleoliberalism) shares the widespread skepticism about many aspects of big government as it has developed over the past fifty years, but (unlike neoconservatism) continues to believe that the government should play a major role in providing for the poor, creating jobs, guaranteeing health care, protecting consumers and the environment, and so on. Neoliberalism wants to rewrite the liberal agenda, not to embalm it (like the paleos) or to discard it (like the Reaganites).

Neoliberals try to distinguish between truly progressive government programs such as food stamps, and programs that only serve entrenched interest groups such as farm price supports. They respect and understand the power of free-market capitalism (so they oppose trade protectionism), but they also understand where this magic can't work or doesn't exist (so they support strong safety and health regulation). Unlike paleos, neos believe that economic growth is the best answer to poverty. Unlike conservatives, though, they're not complacent about those whom prosperity passes by and others who get crushed by the gears of progress. Furthermore, neoliberals see some kinds of government spending—for education, research, infrastructure—as valuable capital investment, not money down the drain.

As you can tell, I find the neoliberal vision pretty seductive. Nevertheless, this stuff has its fatuous potential. As applied to or by some blow-dried pretty boy of a politician, "neoliberal" can simply mean "not very liberal." "Rethinking" can be a code word for "reneging." Technocratic razzle-dazzle can disguise a lack of vision or even understanding. "Special interests" can mean the other guy's supporters, not your own.

Despite Mondale's silly "Where's the beef?" jibe, Gary Hart really has done some zero-based thinking about liberal goals and come up with "new ideas," many of them good ones. Perhaps more impressive are the old-style ideas he opposes, such as the "domestic content" bill that would more or less ban imported automobiles. This is a classic example of a policy that would protect a small, politically organized group to the detriment of long-term economic growth and of society as a whole. Hart deserves points for saying in Detroit that "things will never be what they were in the auto industry" and that "all interests across the spectrum" must share the pain of readjustment. When Mondale emotes about his concern for the poor, the elderly, the unemployed, Hart is right to respond, "Compassion is not just getting red in the face and waving the arms. Compassion is solving problems."

On the other hand, there's something bloodless about Hart's problem-solving approach. A lot of his "new ideas" are a bit too cute and over-designed, like the candidate himself. Tax-free "individual retraining accounts" may be a good

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
APRIL 9, 1984

NOTHING DOING

For many months, the Administration had been taunted by its critics—both those in Congress and in the press—with a question to which, it was widely assumed, there was no good answer: Why are we in Lebanon? The Administration responded to these taunts almost as timidly as it did to the bloody provocations in Lebanon itself. Because the issue was never forthrightly addressed, the public could not possibly have been persuaded of the enormous stakes which brought us there in the first place. Had the American people understood, our presence might have been more forceful, and perhaps even decisive. In the event, we withdrew all but our now wholly hollow words of support for arrangements in Lebanon, and between Lebanon and Israel, which we had initiated and underwritten. We are no longer in Lebanon, and, paradoxically, it is now easier to understand why we were there. Seeing the ever more sanguinary chaos which quickly descended upon Lebanon after our retreat, and the palpable ascendancy of Syria in the region, some of the very same critics began to grasp, however dimly, what it was the United States was trying to help prevent by our presence in Lebanon. Viewing the disintegrating spectacle, and exploiting it for partisan advantage, the Democrats hastened to declare the President's policies a failure. They failed to admit, of course, that it was in part their behavior which had helped to guarantee that those policies could not be a success.

We now have, in an interview given by King Hussein of Jordan to Judith Miller in *The New York Times* of March 15, the most vivid evidence of that failure. The interview also provides equally vivid evidence of why we were and should have been in Lebanon, and of the consequences of our desertion of our purposes there. The hard news in the interview is that King Hussein will not embark on any negotiations with Israel. This was foreshadowed some days before in reports from Amman indicating that the King was no longer interested in the Reagan plan of September 1, 1982. These reports were surprising to the many observers convinced of King Hussein's moderation, since the plan envisages restoring to Jordan the bulk of the territories under Israeli control since 1967. But nothing surprised those observers more than the King's angry, even nasty, rejection of the United States as a credible intermediary in the Arab-Israeli conflict: "The United States has forsaken its position as a superpower and as a moral defender. . . ."

What led King Hussein to so repudiate his ever eager patron and protector? Had not the President only the day before reiterated his intention (and before a Jewish group, no less) to deliver to Jordan another generation of offensive weapons perilous to Israeli security?

Miss Miller asked King Hussein whether it wasn't "the American withdrawal from Lebanon that persuaded you that the U.S. was no longer reliable as an honest broker?" After averring that this was so, the King preferred to discourse on the depredations of the Israelis. A few days later, interviewed by Leslie Stahl on CBS's "Face the Nation," he made it clear that negotiations with Israel were not on his agenda even if the Shamir government were to freeze its settlement policy and to make other gestures to Arab sensibilities. What has put Jordan so effectively in the rejectionist camp is the Syrian routing of the Americans and our allies in Lebanon.

It need not have been so. The odds certainly were not that Syria would be propelled in less than two years from ignominious defeat by the Israelis in Lebanon to dominion there. The Reagan Administration bears a heavy onus of responsibility for this reversal of fortune. The reversal began during the 1982 war, when the United States forced on the Israelis a ceasefire with Damascus just as they were driving the Syrian Army back toward the international border. But even despite this mindless intervention, in the aftermath of the war the preponderance of Israeli force in Lebanon still could have obliged a Syrian retreat across the

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recognized frontiers. This is particularly true because the United States could have ensured that the Israelis withdraw south to their territory.

In a fascinating account in the *Los Angeles Times* of March 11, Lally Weymouth—no friend of Israel—describes how over eighteen months we prevented the Israelis from doing from a position of relative strength what we then undertook to do from a position of relative weakness. In any event, we prevailed on Amin Gemayel to forgo a separate peace treaty with Israel, which brought with it Israeli guarantees for his government, in favor of our guarantees—which, alas, turned out to be empty. Taking advantage of that emptiness, the Syrians gradually but forcefully reestablished themselves, aided by a heavy resupply of armaments from the Soviets that was substantially ignored by the State Department, at that point fixated on diminishing the Israeli sway in Lebanon.

It was not the first time that the United States succeeded in liquidating the salutary political consequences of an Israeli military victory. But never has such a liquidation been so inimical to American influence and interests. To be sure, these interests (and the interest in our influence) were obscured in the simplifications and distortions by the Administration, the media, and Congress during the debate over the Marine presence in Lebanon. In the end that presence was intended to substitute our leverage for that of the Israelis. But we proved incapable of even that limited maneuver, an incapacity that may by now be generic.

Our interests are, however, obscure no longer: the Arabs we prefer to call "moderates"—unreliable and fickle in the best of circumstances—know that they can count on us for just about nothing, that we are as unreliable as they. How else are they to read American actions after which Amin Gemayel went ineluctably to Damascus, and, as Mrs. Weymouth put it, "meekly accepted Assad's harsh terms," terms which we vainly and with only the power of our exposed rhetoric implored him to refuse?

THE CRUEL tyrant Hafez Assad is now the arbiter of what is permissible in Arab politics, and one thing that is impermissible is negotiations with Israel. On this Mr. Assad and Yasir Arafat have always agreed. Not that King Hussein was ever markedly avid for peace talks. Certainly he was not one to take risks for them. Ever since he launched his attack on Israel in the Six Day War and lost the West Bank and East Jerusalem, in fact, he has always had an excuse for not coming to the green table. But then, come to think of it, when he had all that he now says he wants back in exchange for peace (or is it just in exchange for peace talks?)—the West Bank and East Jerusalem and the Old City and the Hebrew University campus on Mount Scopus and the ancient Jewish Quarter and the Western Wall itself—he still wouldn't come to the table.

Nothing in the world, however, is permanent—perhaps not even the fundamental intransigence of Arab politics toward Israel. The defeat of Syria in Lebanon, and the implosion of the P.L.O., created one of those rare opportunities for putative Arab moderates to show some courage for peace. The present government of Israel did everything it could, it is true, to discourage them. But the Arabs know that the Israeli body politic would not tolerate a rejection of a serious Arab initiative for serious talks. In any case, it is the Arabs who suffer most from the impasse. The Palestinian Arabs in the territories required the encouragement of King Hussein's willingness to talk to find their own voice for some compromise with Israel. Their hopes are now dashed. And the Israeli hard-liners will be emboldened in the territories. With the categorical self-removal of the Jordanians from the negotiating process, the Israeli Labor Party has suffered a blow to its political chances and to its strategic analysis.

IT WAS not just the political orientation of Lebanon, then, which we forfeited when we left Lebanese destiny to Syrian designs. Before Lebanon, and despite the strains and doubts created by events in Iran five years ago, the Gulf Arabs could still think of us as their protectors of last resort—if only out of solicitude for our own self-interest. This assumption is no longer credible, since it will surely seem to the Arabs (and to our allies elsewhere), particularly after the debates of the Democratic candidates, that we do not carefully calculate the weight and value of even our most concrete interests.

The sad truth is that it hardly matters anymore whether King Hussein is or isn't a moderate. Though he and the other Arabs in whom we have vested so many exaggerated hopes may despise Mr. Assad and fear him, though they may even make ersatz intra-Arab alliances against Mr. Assad, the King and his Arab friends cannot now reasonably be expected to break the taboo against negotiations with Israel. Given what Mr. Assad has won in Lebanon, and given that he will stop at nothing (assassination being among the mildest of his methods), he is now, more surely than ever before, in a position to enforce that taboo. It may still seem farfetched to recall that, in Mr. Assad's view, what is now Israel (in both its pre-1967 and post-1967 dimensions) belongs to Greater Syria; but it seemed farfetched to some of our readers when we recalled, on many occasions, that Mr. Assad thought Lebanon properly a part of Greater Syria.

It is no accident, as the Marxists used to say, that Syria has fundamental territorial disputes (and not just minor disagreements about boundaries) with every state with which it shares a border. To two of these states, Jordan and Iraq, Mr. Assad's obsession with Israel provides a respite from the inevitable moment when he casts his covetous eye toward their lands. This is something he has already done several times in quite practical ways, finding in the case of Jordan in 1970 that it was Israel which leapt to the King's protection. The King and all his men may fulminate against Israel, but they know that their frontier with the Jewish state is the only one across which there is no peril to their survival.

Now Hussein has put himself in league with his neighbor, Iraq, whose Baath regime overthrew his cousin's throne. Were it not for the Ayatollah Khomeini's war

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against Baghdad, however, Saddam Hussein would scarcely have warm feelings for the monarch with the same name. (King Hussein of Jordan may be mistaken for a moderate, but no such mistake may be made about Saddam Hussein of Iraq [see "Bloodbath in Iraq," by Robert Kaplan, page 21]. That state's hatred of Israel is murderous, as it has shown in the various Arab-Israeli wars. Moreover, it is not a sign of a moderate to wage chemical warfare, as the Iraqis are doing against the teenage Iranian troops.) Of course, the King of Jordan doesn't want a horde of Shiite *enragés*, fresh from a victory over Sunni infidels in Iraq, pushing into his powder-keg desert. A competition in belligerence to Israel is the most readily available diversion from the embarrassing reality of the Islamic penchant for fratricide.

IT IS not only Jordan that has reverted to a harder line. The Egyptians also will have to try harder to remake a place for themselves in the Arab world. Lebanon's cancellation of its limited security pact with Israel evokes fears about the durability of Jerusalem's peace treaty with Cairo. (Scarcely inordinate fears, since there has not been an Egyptian ambassador in Israel for almost two years.) The normalization provisions of the agreement, moreover, have not been put into effect, save for some which require only Israeli initiative and only passive acquiesence from the Egyptians. There has also been an intensification of anti-Israel and anti-Semitic propaganda in both the official and opposition press. Hosni Mubarak may not have wanted it quite that way. He did plead with us not to forfeit Lebanon to Syria—not, that is, to countenance Mr. Assad's elevation to pashadom in the Arab world. But that is precisely what we did do.

The royal house in Riyadh pleaded with us in the same vein, and to no avail. The Saudis have the middleman's theory of history. They will broker and float any deal, even one contrary to their interest, in the hope that their functions will be deemed important enough for the principals to want them to survive, if for no other reason but to cut another deal. If they can't close one deal, they'll start another. Having been frustrated in their hopes that the United States might contain Syrian influence, the Saudis are now increasing their subvention to Damascus, going as it were from hope to hope that bloody history or another brand of ascetic Moslem millennialism won't overtake them.

There has always been a standard Foggy Bottom response to the Arab hard line: appease it. That's what we did for more than a year with the Syrians in Lebanon. It's what persuaded them that they could have us out in no time. On several occasions in the past we sold the Saudis advanced weapons, hoping that these would induce them to come around to the idea of brokering an Arab peace deal with Israel. They never came close. Both the constraints of their own religious phobias and of the lowest, which is to say the most bellicose, common denominator of their Arab brethren kept them from that.

Now there is a big arms deal in the offing with Saudi Arabia and Jordan. Due to the Supreme Court decision striking down the legislative veto, such deals are no longer routinely brought before Congress. If Congress doesn't want the deals to go through, it has to pass specific legislation forbidding them. That's exactly what Congress should do in this case, and what a large number of Democrats and Republicans in the House and Senate have now proposed. Selling the Jordanians sixteen hundred Stinger shoulder-fired missiles will tell them that we expect exactly nothing from those we arm. We can also expect that some of these arms, like others previously sold to Jordan and Saudi Arabia, will end up in the hands of one or another P.L.O. faction and enhance the ability of the most reckless forces in the Arab world to foment war. Surely no one believes that a Jordanian rapid deployment force could ever fight a battle for us against other Arabs. It's an old axiom, in politics as in life: no good deed goes unpunished. With Jordan now it should not be that no baleful deed—which is what its foreclosing of negotiations is, and what its mocking of our exertions for peace is—goes unrewarded. It is not prudent policy to reward the recalcitrant.

More specifically, it is not prudent policy to encourage the Arabs to think that there are no permanent consequences to their refusal to come to the table of compromise. Sooner rather than later, it will be very hard to envisage a compromise on the West Bank which will be consistent with demographic and economic realities. We oppose and have opposed the Israelis' creation of these realities, especially in the populated heart of the West Bank. But the surest way to curtail them is for the Arabs to negotiate. As time goes on, however, there will be less and less to negotiate and we will be left with no more than the hope that common sense will keep Israel from an assertion of nation-state sovereignty that is so inappropriate to that particular piece of land. Maybe that slim hope is what induces the Arabs not to rush to the conference table.

SAD TO SAY, there are even less plausible hopes that may induce the Arabs to think that time is on their side. One of these false hopes, which U.S. policy recklessly encourages, is that the status of Jerusalem is all still up for grabs. Some international lawyers say this is in deference to the proposal under the 1947 Partition Plan that Jerusalem be a *corpus separatum* under U.N. control. Though the Zionists accepted both the overall plan and the particular proposal at the time, the Arabs accepted neither. This conception of Jerusalem as an internationalized city has been rendered, by history, by the Arabs, and by the Israelis, dead as a doorknob. Nothing, and least of all the prospect of municipal government by the U.N., commends this idea any longer. We understand that when and if Arabs and Israelis finally sit down to talk, there will be items on the docket dealing with Jerusalem, surely items dealing with the holy places and also some political matters affecting the nearly 25 percent of the populace that is Arab. So, even consonant with the American commitment to an undivided city, there can be no pre-

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tense by the Israelis that everything about the status of Jerusalem has already been settled forever.

By the same token, however, there should be no pretense that the capital of Israel is anything but Jerusalem, just as it has been since 1949. For the United States to refuse to have its embassy situated even in West Jerusalem, which has been almost wholly Jewish for nearly forty years and preponderantly so for more than a century and a half, is to encourage the Arabs to think that all kinds of facts can be reversed if only they are patient and intransigent enough.

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has introduced legislation the effect of which would be to move our embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. This act would put an end to a dangerously misleading legal fiction, and it might also have the cold bracing effect of obliging the Arabs to face unpleasant facts at last. And it would be a just act, recognizing that despite tensions and provocations from Jews as well as from Arabs, the municipality has been exemplary in its effort to be what its name promises: the city of peace. For once, and especially in a region that can boast so few examples of tolerance, it would be wise to reward those who have made practical conciliation at once a faith and a project.

Is there anything that can be done now to hasten peace negotiations? Probably not. Or as *The New York Times* wrote in an editorial on March 18, "The time has come for the Administration to get serious and do nothing." Frantic effort in so inauspicious an atmosphere would only squander more of our leadership capital, a scarce enough resource. In some small measure, the Administration seems to have learned from its mistakes: the State Department has at least made clear that we will demand no concessions from the Israelis in advance of negotiations. This is to say that we have given notice to Jordan and the other Arabs that Israel will be expected to make concessions only in a context in which these will be reciprocated. The time, unhappily, is not now. The best that can be hoped for in these circumstances is that the Arabs may learn that the Syrian walkover will avail them nothing in their dispute with Israel.

Chicago puts out the fire.

SPUTTERING HART

Chicago

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY green shamrocks were painted on the street and the fountains in front of City Hall spouted green water. At the appointed hour, Mayor Harold Washington ("O'Washington!" he shouted), green sash vivid against his dark suit and skin, began the parade. He was followed by marching cops, dancing schoolgirls, and phalanxes of city workers, loyal to competing factions of the once monolithic Chicago political machine. A float sponsored by the Emerald Isle Pub held aloft the sacred likeness of the late Mayor Richard J. Daley, patron saint of patronage. All hailed the departed god, giving him another last hurrah. Meanwhile, a limousine carrying Gary Hart arrived, followed by two packed press buses. The candidate tried to push through the massed television crews to the crowd chanting, "Ga-ree! Ga-ree!" He waved and escaped in his waiting car. He couldn't escape, however, from criticisms that he had tried to crash the parade, and, more generally, from a self-destructive involvement in the politics of this city. "All politics is local," Tip O'Neill has said. Until now, Hart had managed to transcend local politics everywhere by projecting his message about the future. In Chicago, he was trapped in the present.

THE ILLINOIS primary offered two realities to the candidates. The first reality is political. The Chicago machine has split into warring groups; the principal dividing line is racial. Chicago politicians, journalists, and voters are for the most part relentlessly parochial. To its residents, Chicago is a city-state, a complete self-enclosed universe. Here the present takes precedence.

This world view is reinforced by economic reality. Illinois is a state of steel, auto, and machine tool manufacturing. Unlike New England, it boasts little high-tech industry—and unlike booming Sun Belt states such as Florida there is little feeling that sudden and wild success is just around the corner. The recovery has not advanced as far here as elsewhere, and economic fear is pervasive.

The politics of the state reflects its economy. No Illinois politician remotely resembles Gary Hart. The old archetypes—the machine Democrat, the moderate Republican—predominate. There is no postindustrial political consciousness in Illinois—no captivation with high technology, no public official talking constantly about industrial policy and innovation, no economic self-awareness in the young professional "new class." The Chicago new class finds its identity mainly in its relationship to machine politics, not its relationship to an emerging economy.

The future doesn't yet have a local image; Hart was a stranger in a strange land. For Walter Mondale, on the other hand, Illinois was a natural environment. He's a familiar, comfortable midwesterner, offering traditional Democratic protection to traditional Democratic constituencies. The situation required little imagination, and Mondale made no mistakes.

The Hart campaign in Illinois was virtually all wasted motion. It was wracked internally by feuding over issues large and small. It made error after error that depicted the candidate as inconsistent, unsteady, and vague. Instead of rising above the muck of ward politics Hart got mired in it.

The entire campaign was played against the Byzantine and treacherous background of Chicago politics. When Mayor Daley died, a nasty struggle for his power ensued within the politburo of the Democratic Party. One of the

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players was Edward Vrdolyak, a flashy personal-injury lawyer who had become the tenth ward alderman. Vrdolyak, known as "fast Eddie," was outmaneuvered by the colorless Michael Bilandic, a sort of Second City Chernenko. Bilandic was soon ousted by the feisty and abrasive Jane Byrne. In the City Council, she was initially opposed by Vrdolyak and his allies, whom she called a "cabal of evil men." Within a few months, she cut a deal with him and he assumed Daley's old post, chairman of the party's central committee. He mobilized the organization behind her reelection bid.

BYRNE WAS opposed by the phlegmatic Richard Daley Jr., the prince claiming his father's throne, and a black Congressman named Harold Washington, not given much of a chance by shrewd observers—including Walter Mondale, who supported Daley. Daley lost, Byrne lost, Washington won, and Vrdolyak was enraged. Rather than support his party's nominee, he moved his organization behind the Republican candidate, an obscure and eccentric lawyer, Bernard Epton. "It's a racial thing," Vrdolyak told a rally of his precinct captains on the eve of the election. "We're fighting to keep the city the way it is." Epton lost. And Washington, who was supported by a prominent local black leader named Jesse Jackson, was determined to destroy Vrdolyak, whom he has described as a "thief" and a "poolroom rat."

Shortly after the 1983 mayoral race, Mondale collected Vrdolyak's endorsement. But almost the minute after the Chicago boss declared his fealty to Mondale he surreptitiously traveled to the White House to confer with President Reagan's campaign director, Ed Rollins, and his chief of staff, James Baker, exploring possible deals. Above all, Vrdolyak's loyalty is to number one.

A week before the primary election in Illinois Hart was ahead and Mondale was hiding Vrdolyak's endorsement, not even mentioning his name in his list of supporters. Mondale wanted the machine without its reputation. This appeared to be an ideal opportunity for Hart to skim above local turbulence, showing voters the blue sky of tomorrow.

Inside his campaign, however, some of his top aides were spooked by Mondale's negative ads. The press had been hammering Hart hard on the "issues" of his age, name, and handwriting. Through the incestuous world of political consultants, the Hart people heard second-hand that Mondale had produced an ad aimed at precisely these substantive questions. Panicking, they urged the candidate to launch a first strike. Hart then questioned Mondale's "character," then apologized when the cutting commercial didn't materialize.

This absurd incident would have been a one-day wonder if it hadn't been followed by another. Patrick Caddell, the pollster serving as a Hart adviser, had also been a consultant to Harold Washington's mayoral campaign. His distaste for Vrdolyak is intense. So he and Ray Strother, the media consultant, manufactured an ad scalding Mondale for his association with Vrdolyak: two birds with one spot. A map of Illinois appears on the television screen. Then a picture of Vrdolyak is superimposed on it. "Eddie Vrdolyak has decided Walter Mondale will be your candidate for President," the narrator says. Mondale's picture appears and it's superimposed next to Vrdolyak's. Then a smiling Gary Hart appears, the Lone Ranger. "Gary Hart and a lot of people who think for themselves stand in the way." The commercial caused an instant furor. To be sure, Vrdolyak is a caricature of the "special interests" Hart has been campaigning against. But through this ad Hart injected himself into a local controversy he could have easily avoided. He allowed himself to become a piece of flotsam on the roiling sea of Chicago politics. He was becoming a provincial, just another pol. He tried to get the spot off the air, generating more controversy. And then he couldn't get it pulled because it was the weekend and television executives were off work. Having already looked nasty and vacillating, Hart now looked ineffective to boot.

Most important, Hart failed to communicate what "the future" might mean to beleaguered industrial workers. A new Hart theme—"social justice and economic growth"—was restricted to a few newspaper ads. In his paid television ads, he told voters what and who he was against, but not really what he is for and who he is. There was no biographical spot on the air in a state where Hart was a veritable alien. One ad urged voters to "say no to the special interests" (whoever they might be) and support "the hope of the future" (whatever that might be). It was the Sun Belt message in a place where the sun doesn't shine. The Hart campaign failed to devise a positive strategy for Illinois, as it had done for Florida and Massachusetts. While the officers and crew fought each other for control of the bridge, the ship drifted toward the rocks. And Hart continued to speak of the future abstractly, without dramatizing it.

MEANWHILE, MONDALE was gaining confidence. He turned his old Establishment theme—"This President will know what he's doing"—into an anti-Hart message by adding, "And that's the difference between Gary Hart and Walter Mondale." It was the perfect complement to Hart's campaign of errors. Then Mondale put an ad on the air showing an ominous blinking red telephone, presumably the hotline to the Kremlin. "The idea of an unsure, unsteady, untested hand is something to think about," says the narrator. "Vote as if the future of the world is at stake." Mondale, who was perhaps too well known, was fostering insidious doubts about someone who was barely known at all. And Mondale also had a positive appeal. He instinctively understood the economic insecurity gripping the working class. He told them he knew that Illinois was "suffering" because of Reaganomics. He offered the familiar formula of bailouts and protectionism. It seemed safe, especially in contrast to Hart's unknown. Mondale promised something better than the present: the past. For many in Illinois, that would be an improvement.

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But Mondale's effort to recreate the old Democratic coalition encountered a large obstacle. By relying on traditional organization he allied himself with the enemies of the city's black leadership. Election day was judgment day for ward committeemen, the lieutenants of the machine. Washington, whose forces are outnumbered in the City Council by Vrdolyak's, sought to win a few wards in these races and shift the balance of power. Jesse Jackson served his purposes well. On March 17, they appeared together at a rally sponsored by PUSH, People United to Serve Humanity, Jackson's group. "There's somebody running who you know," Jackson preached. "Who marched with you, who took risks for you, who went to *jail* for you. Moving on up! Moving on up! Moving on up!" On stage there was weeping and hugging while a saxophone wailed and the choir burst into song. The crowd joined in and swayed in the aisles. Jesse Jackson was home.

On March 20, the blue-collar regulars turned out for Mondale. According to the *Los Angeles Times* exit poll, 48 percent of the voters named either economic growth or unemployment as the single major reason for casting their ballots. Of these, 42 percent supported Mondale and 32 percent backed Hart. Among the voters who didn't cite economics as their motive, Hart won 40 percent and Mondale 35. In the suburbs and among independents, Hart was undermined by the Republican Senatorial contest, in which Charles Percy, a moderate, faced a New Right challenger. No previous primary state had featured a Republican battle like this. And Percy won a majority of those describing themselves as liberals, independents, and weak Republicans. If they hadn't voted for him they might have crossed over to vote for Hart, as they have done in every other state.

Even though Mondale won in Illinois he didn't significantly expand his base. His candidacy still has a restricted appeal. He has yet to win a majority of any state's under-50-year-old voters. (Hart has won those over-50 in Massachusetts and Florida.) Nor has he won a majority of the white vote or a majority of the black vote in any primary state, including Illinois.

But can Gary Hart win the nomination? The next primary is in Connecticut, where Senator Christopher Dodd has provided voters with a local model of a Hart-like post-industrial politician, much as Governors Bob Graham and Michael Dukakis did for Florida and Massachusetts, (And Dodd, unlike Graham and Dukakis, supports Hart.) In New York, a state suspended between the old industrialism and the new economy, Governor Mario Cuomo is an ambiguous figure: he has made the old ideas new. For Hart to win in New York, he must learn the lessons of Illinois. He must establish an emotional as well as a cerebral bond. He may continue to lambaste "special interests," but he must then discover how to advocate blue-collar interests. He must make the future alluring to those who fear it most.

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

Only half a Kennedy?

HART LINE, SOFT LINE

IT MAY HELP EXPLAIN where Senator Gary Hart is coming from on the issue of Central America to know the image that he carries in his head about America's onetime ally, the late Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle. In an interview aboard his campaign plane, Hart said, "I don't know if this is public information, but in the basement of his presidential palace Somoza kept cages with panthers inside. After dinner for the entertainment of his guests, he would go downstairs and have a political opponent thrown in there with the panthers." Someone who believes such things about a ruler propped up by both Republican and Democratic Administrations for twenty years might well demand a "fresh start" in U.S. foreign policy and might well declare ringingly that American boys "should not be sent to serve as bodyguards for Latin American dictators."

The only trouble is, such experts on Nicaragua as former U.S. Ambassador Lawrence Pezzullo, and even such ex-supporters of the Sandinista government as Arturo Cruz Jr. and Alfonso Robelo, say that Hart's image of Somoza is mistaken. "I never heard of such a thing," said Pezzullo, the Carter Administration ambassador fired by President Reagan. "That's incredible, just way off. Even the Sandinistas have never accused Somoza of that." No one is about to defend Somoza—a corrupt, greedy, and ultimately brutal man. "Somoza had some people tortured," said Pezzullo, "including Tomas Borge," the current Sandinista security chief. "But the Somoza regime until 1978 was not that bloody. It was not known for having hundreds of political prisoners or disappearances. There were cases, but most of them lived to tell about it, like Borge. You can fault Somoza for a lot of things, but not that."

According to Cruz and Robelo, now supporters of the insurgent Democratic Revolutionary Alliance (ARDE), headed by the legendary Edén Pastora ("Comandante Cero"), Hart's picture of Somoza as an Idi Amin-style butcher is a garbled version of an event that did take place during the rule of Somoza's father, also named Anastasio. That Somoza once jailed Pedro Joaquín Chomorro—the crusading editor of *La Prensa* whose murder in 1978 set off the revolution that toppled the Somoza dynasty—and put him in a cage next to a cage containing a lion. "He was scared, but uninjured," said Cruz, recalling Chomorro's account of the incident in his book, *Bloody Dynasty*.

All experts on Nicaragua agree that after Chomorro's (still unsolved) murder, when rebellion against Somoza was rife, the dictator unleashed his National Guard, which went on a rampage of killing and bombing of villages. According to Robelo, "there is no question that if you compare the last five years of Somoza with the first five years of the Sandinistas from a human rights standpoint,

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Somoza was ten times worse. Thousands were killed in 1978 and 1979. But if you compare the first five years of Somoza with the first five years of the Sandinistas, the Sandinista human rights record is ten times worse. Today in Nicaragua, fifty or sixty or a hundred people disappear in a month. We don't know what happens to them. The difference between Nicaragua and El Salvador is that in El Salvador, the bodies show up. And in Nicaragua, when the Sandinistas met with massive resistance, as they did from the Miskito Indians, they responded with massive repression, just like Somoza. They killed lots of people and destroyed village after village."

ON EXAMINATION, the history of Nicaragua is complicated—and so is the question of what America ought to do about revolution in Central America and other countries in the Third World. Such issues are not so complicated, however, for Gary Hart. His policy toward Central America basically is: out. In spite of the fact that Nicaragua is host to some eight thousand Cubans, including two thousand military advisers, plus several thousand others from Eastern Europe, Libya, North Korea, and the Palestine Liberation Organization, Hart opposes aid to guerrilla groups, including democratic ones like ARDE, seeking to pressure or oust the Sandinistas. Hart has introduced a resolution in the Senate calling for immediate withdrawal of all U.S. military personnel from Central America without any compensating concessions from Cuba or the East bloc. And he favors cutting off aid to the government of El Salvador until it eliminates right-wing death squads, dismissing the possibility that it might lead to a victory by left-wing guerrillas or to a right-wing coup and a massacre of all opposition forces.

Hart's policies on Central America belatedly have become a major focus of debate in his contest with Walter Mondale for the Democratic Presidential nomination. In fact, the terms of the debate transcend Central America and cut to questions of whether the United States should use force to secure its interests in the world and whether the United States is a great power in the post-World War II sense of the term.

Mondale, after criticizing Hart from the left in earlier primaries, has suddenly rediscovered his roots in the postwar political tradition of Harry Truman and Hubert Humphrey. He says he concurs with Hart that U.S. forces in Honduras should be reduced. "But before I would withdraw all of them," he told the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, "I would seek to negotiate with Nicaragua . . . at least three things—the removal of Cuban forces, an agreement not to introduce MiGs into the region, and agreement to a nonintervention policy throughout the isthmus."

Mondale observed that the Sandinistas have repressed domestic opposition, meddled in the affairs of neighboring countries, and embarked on a military buildup that has terrified other nations. "We have made mistakes in the past," he said in his Chicago speech. "But in a world where the enemies of freedom win power by force and maintain it by terror, a President can never rule without a firm response. Guilt is not a foreign policy, and the world is not a debating society. It is a tough, dangerous place, and anyone who views it otherwise will only make it more dangerous."

In reply, Hart accused Mondale of portraying communism as "the main threat" in Central America requiring a U.S. presence. "I say the principal threat is not communism, but poverty, and that the response must be cooperation with our allies to address the serious economic and social problems in the region. At the heart of this difference is, perhaps, the lesson of Vietnam. The commitment of U.S. military force cannot be the answer to the problems of Central America, as it was not the answer in Vietnam."

If Walter Mondale represents a generation that came of age after World War II, Hart represents the one whose chief formative experience was Vietnam. It is a generation that has no firsthand knowledge of U.S. military success, but only of failure, humiliation, and tragedy. The Vietnam generation has no memory of the Marshall Plan, bipartisan agreement on foreign policy, the Soviet capture of Eastern Europe, and aggression in North Korea. It has come to assume that the United States is more or less always on the wrong side of history—often the morally wrong side and always the losing side.

THROUGH TELEVISION, this generation has been sold—and has bought—an image of the John F. Kennedy Presidency as some sort of misty golden age, and Gary Hart does evoke Kennedy nostalgia. It's not just the Kennedyesque mannerisms he affects, either; in some ways he genuinely reflects Kennedy's idealism and vigorous spirit. After all, Hart first entered politics as a J.F.K. volunteer in 1960 and got his first government job in Robert Kennedy's Justice Department.

But in foreign policy, Hart is only half a Kennedy. He echoes that part of Kennedy which launched the Peace Corps and the Alliance for Progress, initiated nuclear arms talks with the Soviet Union, and caused the United States to be identified with peaceful change in the Third World. But another side of the Kennedy Presidency reflected an awareness that force remains an undeniable, if unpleasant, fact of life in the world. That side of John F. Kennedy launched a massive nuclear arms buildup in 1961, stared down the Soviets in the Cuban missile crisis, engaged in covert operations, supplied counterinsurgency training to friendly Third World governments, and sent U.S. advisers to Vietnam.

Some of Kennedy's actions obviously were terribly mistaken—the Bay of Pigs invasion, the assassination attempts against Fidel Castro, and acquiescence in the overthrow of Vietnam's President Diem are the worst examples—but even they serve to demonstrate that Kennedy was not averse to using force when he thought it necessary. The reputation for toughness which Kennedy earned helped make his diplomatic successes possible. It's doubtful that the Soviets would have agreed to ban atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons, for example, if the

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United States had not been testing such weapons itself. Kennedy was bullied and tongue-lashed by Khrushchev at Vienna, but after the Cuban missile crisis the Soviets agreed to negotiate seriously about arms limitation.

By contrast, Hart—along with Mondale and Jesse Jackson, to be sure—says that he favors mutual arms reductions with the Soviet Union, but would unilaterally give up the MX missile and possibly the D-5 missile for Trident submarines without even trying for compensating Soviet concessions, such as reductions in the Soviet Union's force of heavy land-based missiles. Hart said in Chicago that he would base U.S.-Soviet relations on the principle of "reciprocity" which he said "does not mean unilateral disarmanent or one-sided concessions or the toleration of aggression." Rather, he said, "reciprocity is a two-person canoe. If one party refuses to get on or row, or insists on going his own way, it will not work. If one party attempts to block or deceive the other, he will be found out. But if both parties want it to work, it will move forward—slowly, at first, with some difficulty and disagreement—but we will go forward together and in peace."

That is a hopeful way of looking at U.S.-Soviet relations. Hart is proposing a "fresh start" with the Russians, ignoring the history of Soviet behavior and their hostility toward Western values. Invading Afghanistan, crushing Solidarity, and manufacturing biological weapons are not the actions of a partner who wants to row in the same direction as the United States. In other speeches, Hart says that, like John F. Kennedy, he believes that the United States is engaged in a "long, twilight struggle" with the Soviet Union, but he claims that it can be conducted by political, diplomatic, and economic means alone. And when asked, Hart acknowledges that he does not plan to spend much money on foreign aid to the Third World—even in Central America, where he says poverty is the most important problem. Instead he favors extension of technical assistance, as if Peace Corpsmen were sufficient to combat terrorists and the K.G.B.

JOHN F. KENNEDY solidified the NATO alliance, but Hart's declaration that "not one American life would be put ashore in any Persian Gulf area" serves notice to the allies that the United States will offer only limited help in defending the oil sources on which they are almost totally dependent. In an interview aboard his campaign plane, Hart said he might consider using U.S. ground troops if the Soviet Union directly threatened to seize the Gulf, but not in the (more likely) event of internal insurgency or attack from Iran. He also said that he would defend Europe against a Soviet attack, but not its oil lines because "Europe is part of our vital national interest, but the Persian Gulf isn't." Such remarks serve as notice to moderate Arabs that the United States will not lift a finger to protect them if they get into trouble, thereby reducing U.S. diplomatic influence with them to zero.

One of the mysteries of Gary Hart's foreign policy is where his ideas come from. His Chicago speech reportedly was drafted by David Landau, his 30-year-old issues coordinator, with advice from Theodore Sorensen, Hart's campaign chairman and John Kennedy's former White House chief of staff. However, Hart aides say that Hart has no formal foreign policy adviser structure. Some of them say, in fact, that though he has thought intensively about such issues as energy independence, nuclear proliferation, arms control, and military reform, he has not devoted extensive attention to other foreign policy issues. "He's operating on instinct," one adviser said, "or really post-Vietnam reflex." According to aides, Hart's foremost foreign policy issues adviser is John Holum, a Washington lawyer who served as Senator George McGovern's legislative assistant and worked on the Policy Planning Staff in Jimmy Carter's State Department.

OTHERS CONSULTED by Hart on foreign issues are his former administrative assistant, Larry K. Smith, now at Harvard University's Center for Science and International Affairs; Richard Gardner, a former U.S. ambassador to Italy; Samuel R. Berger and Richard Feinberg, also former State Department policy planners under Carter; and former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Most Hart advisers seem to agree that if he became President there is a good chance that William J. Perry, the Pentagon's research chief under Carter, would become Secretary of Defense. Some say Sorensen might be Secretary of State and that former Deputy C.I.A. Director Bobby Inman, now in the electronics industry, would return as C.I.A. chief or as White House national security adviser.

Gary Hart is no unilateral disarmer, no deep cutter of the defense budget on the George McGovern model. Like John Kennedy, in fact, he favors retooling the military to make it better able to fight conventional wars rather than nuclear wars. Unlike Kennedy, however, Hart virtually announces to U.S. adversaries that those forces would be used only in the most unlikely contingencies—a Soviet attack on Europe, the Western Pacific, or the Western Hemisphere. He rules out the use of force in all the likelier places—the Persian Gulf, Lebanon, and Central America—and therefore invites dangerous challenges there, much as Dean Acheson did when he declared South Korea outside the U.S. defense perimeter.

Hart claims in his speeches that the American people simply will not stand for the lives of their sons to be lost in such places. If he is right—the 1984 elections will tell us—then it means that the United States has ceased to be the great power that it became under the great Democratic Presidencies of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and John Kennedy. Walter Mondale offers no guarantee that this tradition will be revived. Ronald Reagan has twisted the tradition into a caricature of John Foster Dulles. But if Gary Hart is elected and persists in the policies he now advocates, America will have come perilously close to declaring to the world that it is no longer prepared to bear the burdens necessary to ensure the survival of liberty.

MORTON KONDRACKE

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Proposal for an armistice.

AMERICA'S HOLY WAR

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

ONE CHARACTERISTIC of holy war is that the participants will persist in disputation even as the world around them is going to pieces. It must certainly strike foreigners, and some Americans too, as strange that at a time of fiscal crisis, war in Central America, and declining telephone service, the issue that has aroused the most passion in Congress and among the people is whether children should be praying together in school and whether Christmas crèches should be displayed in public parks.

BY DONALD GATES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

A reasonable first reaction is to view the whole affair with a mixture of amusement and dismay. Does it really matter whether or not passersby at a public display in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, are to be exposed to a plastic rendition of the Nativity? This country survived one hundred eighty years with school prayer and twenty without; would a minute of mumbled devotion put children on the road to salvation, as some would have it, or on the road to religious tyranny, as others would? Nevertheless, though the immediate stakes appear small, the underlying issue is large. Boundary disputes are inherently conducted over small acreage. Yet the slightest breach in a frontier, especially in a religious war, can be ominous. Moreover, a debate over budgets or foreign policy is an argument about contingencies, about the conditions of national existence. A debate over the relationship between religion and government is about the meaning of our national existence.

My contention is that important as this debate is, it has become impoverished and embittered because it has been wrongly framed, because it has been so dominated by two warring tendencies—one sectarian, the other secular—both of which fundamentally misapprehend the historical role of religion in American public life.

The first of these tendencies is sectarian. Its troops are right-wing fundamentalists; its most visible and forceful agent is the Moral Majority; and its method—which above all alarms its opponents—is to ally itself with political power, in particular with President Reagan and the Republican right, so as to bend government to its ends. These ends are stated unequivocally: to Christianize the nation, that is, make public life and public policy conform as closely as possible to the Gospels. Representative Marjorie Holt said it on the floor of the House during the school-prayer debate: "This is a Christian nation." (To which Representative Barney Frank, who chaired that middle-of-the-night debate at the request of the House leadership and who is Jewish, responded "If this is a Christian nation, how come some poor Jew has to get up at 5:30 in the morning to preside over the House of Representatives?")

The sectarians intend the "Christian nation" to be not merely a demographic but a legal reality. Hence their vigorous lobbying on such policy issues as homosexual rights (against), abortion (against), and school prayer (for). They deserve the name sectarian and not "religious" because, although ostensibly speaking for religion in the abstract, they are interested primarily in promoting their own particular brand. Their ultimate goal is not theist or monotheist or Judeo-Christian, or even Christian, but Protestant, and—judging from the number of Protestant denominations that oppose this movement (denominations whose interpretation of the Scriptures leads them to diametrically

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opposed views on homosexuality, abortion, and school prayer)—Protestant only in its narrowest fundamentalist form.

The other tendency is secular. Its vanguard is the A.C.L.U., and, because its position understandably elicits less popular enthusiasm, its method is to appeal not to the legislative but to the judicial branch to achieve its ends. These too are stated unequivocally: the secularization of American public life. The secularists are the grinches who try to steal Christmas crèches. It is the A.C.L.U. that sued Pawtucket, Rhode Island, charging that the city's forty-year tradition of sponsoring a public Nativity display at Christmastime violated the First Amendment prohibition against establishment of religion. (Last month the Supreme Court ruled in Pawtucket's favor, 5 to 4.) But the goal of the secularists is not simply to extirpate Christian symbolism from American public life. Their nemesis is religion. Religion is to be kept private. Any public manifestation is to be fought, from school prayer (even a moment of silence, because of its religious connotations) to the national motto (in 1970 the government was sued for "In God We Trust," and won in the Supreme Court).

NOT SURPRISINGLY, observers of this holy war—interested observers, since it is their public life that is at stake here—are apt to wish on both sides the sort of fate that has befallen Iraq and Iran. On the one hand are the Bible thumpers, increasingly resented for their ascending power and pushiness, demonstrated most recently in the enormous pressure they brought on the Senate during the school-prayer debate and in their alliance with the President. They want to make their beliefs the law of the land. Ronald Reagan likes the idea. "I've been told," he recently declared, "that since the beginning of civilization millions and millions of laws have been written. I've even heard someone [Ed Meese?] suggest it was as many as several billion. And, yet, taken together, all those millions and millions of laws have not improved on the Ten Commandments one bit." (Does that mean that Congress should try a quick substitution? Has he read the first four?) On the other hand is a band of zealous relic-hunting secularists, famous for the pettiness of their search-and-destroy missions, bent on excising every last vestige of religious influence from American public life. Not even a 40-year-old plastic baby Jesus is safe.

The whole debate arouses dismay, and not just because of the overreaching claims of both sides. One has an instinctive feeling that religion *has* a place in American public life, and that both sides misunderstand it—that between sectarianism and secularism lies something else.

What is that "something else"? One answer is pluralism, a pluralism that says, "In public life, religion is proper, but only if all denominations are honored equally." That is precisely the principle animating the "compromise" wording for the proposed (and later defeated) constitutional amendment restoring school prayer, a compromise worked out principally by America's quintessential moderate, Senator Howard Baker. The state would neither compose nor mandate the prayer, which could be silent or spoken. What would that mean in practice? No one is quite sure exactly how the prayers would be generated, but it was generally understood that there would be some sort of rotational system, a kind of ecclesiastical musical chairs for kids, each reciting his or her own very special prayer on different days, even if—in fact, because—it had no meaning to the others. (Otherwise, instituting any single prayer would violate the principle of pluralism.)

This attempt at reasonableness is as absurd as it is earnest. It yields the worst of both worlds. If public prayer has any purpose, it is the bringing together of individuals in common devotion. An arrangement in which the Catholic recites his prayer one day, the Jew on another, the Baptist on the next, is not an exercise in prayer, but in anthropology. It trivializes the whole idea of prayer, while the same time managing to offend almost everyone, since it encourages, if it does not require, children of one faith to join or at least witness the prayer of another.

In his Pawtucket dissent, Justice Brennan elegantly describes the religion clauses of the First Amendment as intending "a benign regime of competitive disorder among all denominations." But not for our *common* public life, and certainly not for the common life of first graders. Religious pluralism in America means a celebration of multiple privacies. It means that any group may establish any church anywhere. It doesn't mean that every sect shall have a chapel in the house of government. Rotational pluralism does not solve the dilemma of religion in our common public life. It mocks it. Its spirit is that of a remark attributed to Eisenhower: "Our government makes no sense unless it is founded in a deeply felt religious faith—and I don't care what it is."

But what if one does care what it is? If not rotational pluralism, where to find an alternative to sectarianism on the one hand and secularism on the other? The answer, I suggest, is this: in two hundred years of American experience. In the authentic and original American public religion that the secularists wish to abolish and the sectarians to narrow. In what Robert Bellah, in an illuminating essay written two decades ago, called the American Civil Religion.

CIVIL RELIGION is not an American invention. It appears to have been first described by Rousseau. He distinguished civil religion from three other kinds: private piety; exclusive (i.e., intolerant) national theocracies; and supranational hierarchies, which pervade both private and national life, like the Church of Rome. ("The third kind is so manifestly bad that the pleasure of demonstrating its badness would be a waste of time.") What is unique about Rousseau's civil religion, at least in the Western context, is its nonexclusivity. It can coexist with private belief. It is meant to infuse communal life with a

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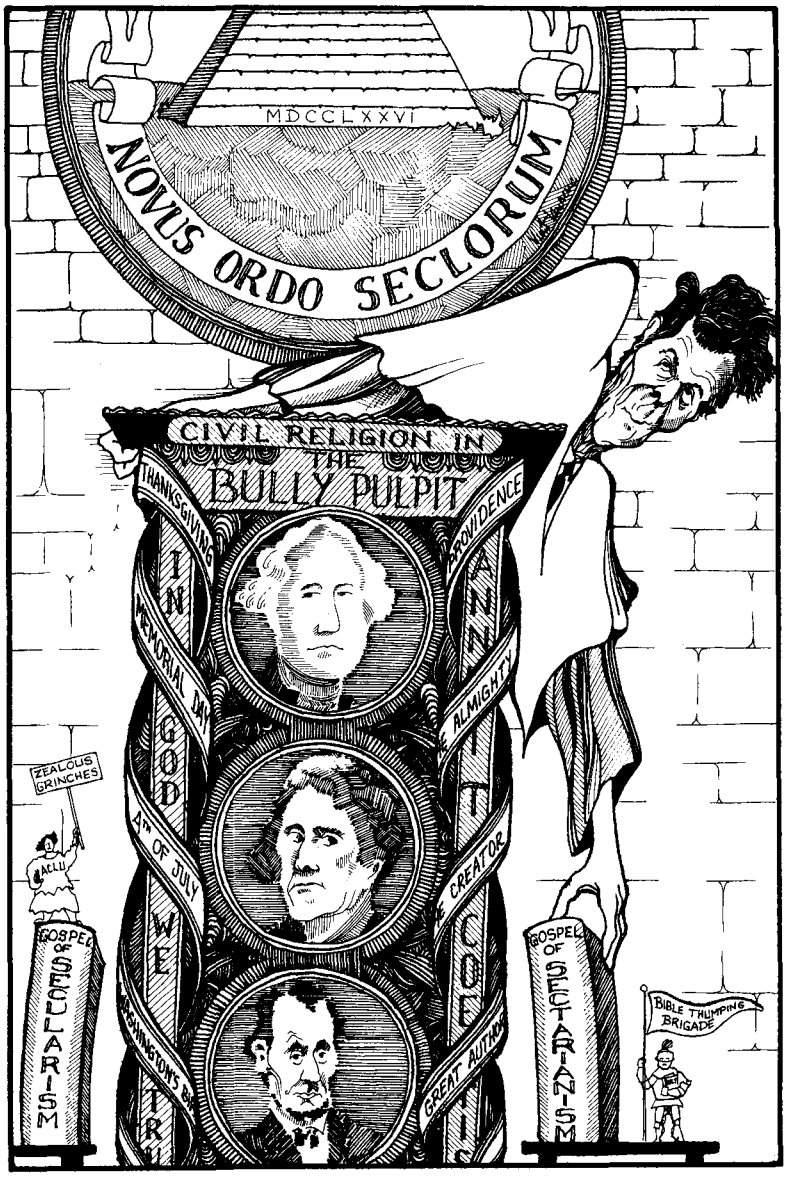
religious dimension. He construed its tenets—a belief in a just Providence, in the sanctity of the social contract, and in tolerance—"not strictly as religious dogmas but as sentiments of sociability." Its purpose was to make of the social contract not merely a convention but a faith.

The American civil religion is not nearly as austere, rationalist, or coldly utilitarian. For one thing, it was never planned or decreed by the Founders. One doubts if they were even conscious of it. Yet their vision helped establish it, and for two centuries it has served as the faith—the established religion, if you will—of the American polity.

As elaborated by Bellah, it is not Christianity, though it derives much from it. Nor is it a competitor of Christianity, but a parallel and wholly accommodating faith. It has its own theology. Its God is the God of the (Founding) Fathers: Jefferson's Creator, who endows inalienable rights; Washington's Great Author, who guides the affairs of nations; Lincoln's Lord, whose judgment—even if it be civil war—is true and righteous. He is a deistic God, but with a particular interest in American destiny. Not a set of Newtonian laws, but an embodiment of American Purpose. He has no hell, but makes demands of his people nonetheless.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The civil religion has a sacred history: American history. It is perhaps more accurate to say that it consecrates the otherwise profane history of the American people, endowing it with a religious dimension. Accordingly, it has its own calendar. Its supreme holiday is Thanksgiving, a day devoted to thanking Providence for America, and for meditating on its meaning. Other days are set aside, some to honor the saints, Washington, Lincoln, and King; others to celebrate the civil virtues as revealed in the American historical experience: liberty (the Fourth of July), sacrifice (Memorial Day), service (Veterans Day). Among its many ceremonies the most important is the Presidential Inauguration. Significantly, every Inaugural Address (with the exception of Washington's perfunctory two-paragraph second) makes reference to the Supreme Being. Equally importantly, none makes reference to Christ or Jesus. (The sole exception, I believe, is an allusion by William Henry Harrison: "like the false Christs whose coming was foretold by the Savior." Thirty days later Harrison was dead from a chill contracted while giving this address outdoors in cold weather. Jefferson's God may be more jealous than advertised.)

The civil religion is a grand American unitarianism, and it has an obvious civil function. As Washington said in his Farewell Address, "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." Truths may be logically self-evident, but better to root them in the firmer ground of religion. Jefferson is careful to say that the Declaration of Independence derives from the "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God"; the civil religion serves as a bridge between positive law and a more secure natural law. The President swears not on the Constitution but on the Bible, to uphold the Constitution.

Yet this unique national faith is not some mumbo jumbo created by the Founders for its utility. They genuinely believed in America's transcendent purpose and in its relation to Providence. Their successors have elaborated the theme, finding echoes of the Exodus in the Revolution, and of Christ and the Resurrection in Lincoln and the Civil War. In our day, Martin Luther King Jr. was perhaps most attuned to the religious cadences of his own and his country's history ("He's allowed me to go up to the top of the mountain and I've looked over and I've seen the promised land. . . .").

Most Americans believe, though perhaps unconscious-

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ly, in the civil religion, and respect its place in public life. Which is why they feel such revulsion for the holy warriors, sectarian and secularist, who neither believe nor respect nor perhaps even understand it. The civil religion establishes a critical distinction in American public life between sectarianism and religion. It forbids the one. It permits, even encourages, the other. Both sides, for opposite reasons, wish to eradicate that distinction.

Among the sectarians, eradicating that line is the project not just of the Moral Majority. In an amicus brief in the Pawtucket case, the Justice Department argued that removing the Christmas crèche "mandates an artificial and undesirable sterility in public life, in which one important and enriching aspect of our history and culture [religion] is treated as illegitimate. . . . We ask the Court to rule that the First Amendment does not mandate contrived exclusion of religion from public life." Now really. Surely one can ban a municipal crèche as a sectarian symbol (albeit of the majority sect) without being against religion. The event commemorated by the crèche is outside of American history; the religious idea it symbolizes (the Incarnation of the Divinity) is outside of the American civil religion. Though Christmas is designated as a holiday to accommodate the practice of the majority of Americans, the municipal crèche goes beyond accommodation to the (admittedly minor) promotion of one (admittedly major) sectarian religious vision. (Justice Brennan points out just how sectarian celebrating Christmas has been: the Puritans were so opposed to that "Popish" practice that in 1659 it was made punishable by fine in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. As late as 1855 it was not celebrated by Presbyterians, Baptists, or Methodists.)

CARTOON BY POWELL

The crèche violates the spirit of the civil religion because it moves beyond religion to sectarianism. More significantly, so does the President. That is why his speech to the convention of Religious Broadcasters created such unease. It is one thing in a public address to invoke—even ostentatiously to ally oneself with—God. Indeed that, minus the ostentation, is in the tradition of the canonical literature of the civil religion. It seems to me equally inoffensive to make religion a political issue. (The whole "hypocrisy gap" charge against Reagan leaves me cold. Tip O'Neill complains that the President hasn't been to church since last June. So what? Tip O'Neill has made a political career of "compassion," meaning helping the needy from the public purse. Who cares whether in private life Tip is generous or a scrooge? Ronald Reagan's private prayer habits are of interest to his biographer. They are irrelevant to the question of the proper relationship between religion and politics.) But it is seriously overstepping the bounds of the civil religion for the President to announce, as Mr. Reagan did in that speech, that "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The President then added, "I'm a little self-conscious because I know very well that you all could recite that verse to me." He should be self-conscious: the religious tradition in this country requires that it *should* have been the other way around.

The secularists are equally disrespectful of the distinction between sectarianism and religion. They are as opposed to "In God We Trust" as they are to the Christmas crèche. This dedication to a rigid secularism and against the slightest trace of religion in public life, derives more from the French Revolution than the American. The Jacobins, deeply anticlerical in a way that the Founders never were, embraced a *civic* religion, a religion of Reason, as jealous and exclusive as the clerical tyranny they overthrew. That branch of Rousseauism, nonaccommodationist and intolerant, has always remained an extreme tendency in America.

But among the secularists it is not just the extremists who miss the distinction between sectarianism and religion. In Justice Brennan's (I believe, correct) dissent from the majority opinion permitting the crèche, he admitted to some perplexity ("I remain uncertain about these questions") as to why, if the crèche is impermissible, "In God We Trust," Thanksgiving Day, and the opening declaration of each session of his Court ("God save the United States and this Honorable Court") should not also be prohibited. Because, he is forced to argue, they are (today at least) religiously meaningless. Their meaninglessness makes them permissible. The practices of "ceremonial deism" are "protected from Establishment Clause scrutiny chiefly because they have lost through rote repetition any significant religious content." Civil religion is permitted only because it has degenerated into "ceremonial deism."

Has it? Justice Brennan is consoled by the thought that the civil religion is meaningless. Many who care about

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religion are disturbed by it. For them it is an indictment (and an argument for sectarianism): its God is really no God; when denominational differences are homogenized to yield some kind of neutral Creator, there is little that remains. But American history contradicts that view. The power of the idea of an American Providence is evident in the life and liturgy of the Founders, and, a century later, in Lincoln's deeply religious sense of American destiny. In our day Martin Luther King profoundly grasped the power of the civil religion to move his contemporaries. It is the driving force of his great "I have a dream" speech: ". . . all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics" will sing ". . . thank God Almighty we're free at last." What God, if not the American God?

Furthermore, apart from history, there is logic. It is not true that as one widens concentric circles of belief, one necessarily abolishes any content. Take the phrase "Judeo-Christian." Judaism and Christianity disagree over the divinity of Christ, not a trivial matter. Nevertheless, it is certainly not meaningless to speak of a Judeo-Christian tradition. What is agreed upon is important. The American civil religion, emanating from this Judeo-Christian core, enlarges the circle to capture other monotheistic, theistic, and even deistic notions. It has content, and power. (Most of the reaction to Reagan's recent speech to the evangelicals focused on his invoking God, not His Son.) The Pledge of Allegiance's "under God" may, as Justice Brennan suggests, be vestigial. What lies behind it is not.

THERE IS one final benefit of the idea of the civil religion. It offers some direction through the minefield of church-state problems. It suggests that the crèche, though a minor matter, lies just beyond the realm of the permissible. On school prayer, it suggests that a common ("civil religious") invocation is perhaps permissible—better certainly than a hodgepodge of rotating sectarian prayers—but that a moment of silent devotion is preferred. The American civil religion is uniquely tolerant, noncoercive, and inclusive. It is meant to infuse American life with a sense of transcendence, not to impose a religious order on individuals. Schools are uniquely coercive institutions, because of the vulnerability of children to authority, and the compulsory nature of public education. If adults, say, members of Congress, wish to engage in communal public prayer, there can be no objection; but it would violate the spirit, and the history, of the civil religion to impose a form of worship on the least autonomous members of the community.

Useful as it is, the existence of the American civil religion forces us to face the fact that we do have a kind of established religion in this country—and that for two centuries it has supported, and elevated, the nation. Now it is jeopardized by ignorant armies of secularists and the sectarians who wish to abolish it. Perhaps they fight it so bitterly because it offers a way out of their holy war.

The Bible and public prayer.

INTO THY CLOSET

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK

"WHEN THOU PRAYEST, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Those words from Matthew 6 are Jesus Christ's first reference to the nature of prayer. They are also one of his last. After speaking them, Christ said precious little else on the subject, apparently thinking—wrongly from the looks of the school-prayer movement—that he had made his point.

Those Christian fundamentalists who call for vocal prayer in schools seem to have forgotten that Christian theology frowns on public prayer in general, and specifically bans prayer spoken for the purpose of impressing others—which, in the real world, would be the case with many of the prayers recited by young schoolchildren with their teachers looking on. All Christian sects have prayer rituals within the church itself—the closet, so to speak—but the theological justification for public prayer elsewhere is thin. Throughout both Testaments of the Bible, when there is praying to be done, the righteous have withdrawn to do it. Moses, Elijah, John the Baptist, and Jesus all sought solitude for their prayers. "And it came to pass in those days that he went into a mountain to pray." (Luke 6:12) The need arose for Christ to walk on water because he had loaded the disciples into a boat and sent them offshore so that he might be alone to pray. Then a storm came up threatening the boat, and to rescue them Jesus took a short cut.

The synoptic gospels—Matthew, Mark, and Luke—record but three prayers spoken by Jesus. (The book of John was written some thirty years later, and, reliant on second-hand accounts, differs in places.) One was the Lord's Prayer; the second, a prayer delivered after the last supper in the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ specifically "withdrew from [the disciples] about a stone's cast in order to be alone; and the third, Christ's glorious prayer of hope from the planks of the cross itself, asking that the ignorance of man be forgiven.

In the case of the Lord's Prayer, there is controversy as to whether Jesus was sanctifying the words, or merely teaching through example. Matthew has Jesus preface the prayer by saying, "After this manner therefore pray ye." Christ had scandalized the religious hierarchy of the time—and confounded his own followers—by saying that

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God should be addressed on intimate and friendly terms, as a "father" and everyday presence, rather than a mystical abstraction couched in hush-names that evoked a whirling wind. (Christ sometimes referred to God as "abba," which roughly translates to "poppa.") Thus many commentators believe the Lord's Prayer was presented strictly as a guide to how intimate prayer should sound. Should a vocal prayer amendment be enacted, it can be argued, school boards and principals all over the country will be declared competent to do what Jesus himself would not do: mandate the wording of prayers. (To be fair, a strong case can also be made that Christ *did* mandate prayer: Luke has Christ introduce the prayer by directing, "When ye pray, say. . . .")

Throughout the New Testament, the apostles are seldom depicted as participating in vocal prayer. In one rare instance, Acts 20:36, Paul leads a group of elders in a plea to heaven so moving that when he concludes, "They all wept sore." Nowhere, however, are the *words* of Paul's prayer recorded. Perhaps Luke, the author of Acts, simply felt as Jesus did, that prayer was far too private for eavesdropping even in good cause. After all, Luke had heard Christ condemn those "who think they shall be heard for their much speaking." Christ's harshest scorn was reserved not for the thieves and publicans who had failed to see the light, but for the professionally religious who wished to blind others with it. Christ attacked "scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites" so often that the words became of a piece, as we now reflexively say "fugitive financier Robert Vesco" or "aging B-52 bomber." (Imagine, if Jesus was roused to an outburst of physical violence when he found dove-sellers in the temple, what he would think to see Falwell, Schuller, Robertson, Bakker, and other members of the God Marketing Institute with their 800 numbers flashing on the screen!)

Malcolm Muggeridge wrote in *Jesus: The Man Who Lives*, "Everything in Christianity that matters is from individual to individual; collectivities belong to the Devil [who is] a demagogue and sloganeer." But a recurring feature of social movements is how quickly they dispense with the objectives they claim to uphold. Jesus was Jewish, and never suggested that anyone should be otherwise; he sought to reform and enrich Judaism. Yet within a few years after his death his own disciples were promoting Christianity as a separate faith. Christianity, in turn, teaches the beauty of heartfelt private prayer; the Christian right demands rote public prayer.

The Reverend Robert Grant, chairman of Christian Voice, the leading Washington lobby of the vocal prayer amendment, says he agrees that rote prayer is "meaningless." The point, he says, "is not so much the issue of prayer at all," but of winning a victory for religion to mitigate the secular trends in politics and the law. This view has roots: clearly contemporary government and legal antipathy to religion has at times been excessive, and just as clearly those menacing "secular humanists" the evangelical right so dreads have at times been motivated as much by their hostility to religion as by their love of freedom.

But in this case a victory for religion would in fact be a victory only for fundamentalist Protestantism—particularly if the certified prayers are approved by thousands of school boards, which would be the ideal targets for far-right pressure tactics. Of course Mr. Grant knows this. He contends that forcing a child of some minority religion—attention, Catholics, you will be a minority religion in this regime—to sit through some other religion's prayer "would teach tolerance of other's children's point of view." This convoluted view is easy for a Protestant to hold, his sect currently being on top. But again it neatly forgets the history of the faith itself—the many centuries during which followers of Jesus and, later, opponents of the Pope were persecuted minorities.

Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, floor manager for Reagan's vocal-prayer amendment, also makes the argument that the real issue is not prayer but reversing government prejudice against religion. In this belief Hatch too seems to have lost historical perspective. Try to conceive of telling the martyrs of Christian lore—John, Jesus, Thomas à Becket, Dietrich Bonhoffer—that their faith now stands helpless before the horrible specter of a partial restriction on what a small percentage of the population may do during a few hours of the day. I am by denomination a baptist; the forebears of my denomination, the Anabaptists, were among the most cruelly persecuted early Protestants. Their main point of departure from Catholicism was opposition to infant baptism—they believed immersion was meaningless unless a child was old enough to comprehend the act and consciously desire it. The same, I would think, applies to school prayer. Joseph Smith, founder of Hatch's own Mormon denomination, was lynched by a mob; his followers were pushed by intolerance and prejudice from New York to Illinois to a salt-crusted desert. Try telling Joseph Smith that government neutrality to religion now represents a grievous hardship.

IF THE Christian faith—and religion in general—has become so weak it cannot surmount such a negligible barrier as lack of organized prayer in schools, that is a far more damning indictment than anything the most cynical church-hating leftist could devise. In fact, for all their rhetoric about wanting the state to get its hands off God, the vocal-prayer advocates actually desire the reverse. They want government to impose God on their children—to do for them the job that parents and pastors and truth itself are supposed to perform.

Silent prayer would seem to be the resolution, softening the silly side of ultralegal separation of church and state (the anti-crèche lawsuits, etc.) without imperiling freedom of religion or mocking the promise of religion by making it an empty ritual. Anyone who has watched the ritual prayer that opens each day of Congress can attest to how readily the latter can be accomplished. It's difficult to picture a ceremony more satirical of faith than those monotone clichés mumbled to a nearly vacant chamber. Oddly, Senator Hatch himself says he prefers silent prayer: "I believe that a silent prayer amendment would be far more poignant."

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What happened to this course, far more sensible both politically and theologically? Reagan insisted on a vocal-prayer bill; Majority Leader Howard Baker tried to keep silent prayer off the floor to prevent it from emerging as a compromise acceptable to both sides. (A silent prayer amendment was at one point offered, but under parliamentary circumstances that made its passage all but impossible). Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, the leading opponent of the prayer amendment, joined in Baker's strategy. Both Baker and Weicker feared silent prayer because they feared it would win. Weicker did not want any prayer bill, and Baker, acting for Reagan, wanted either total victory or (more likely) total defeat. Total defeat would hand the Republicans a convenient voting list of Democratic Senators who could be described in five-second campaign slanders as "against prayer." It would also hand Reagan another issue on which to campaign in his favorite role, that of an innocent bystander not responsible for the very government he heads.

Would silent prayer in the schools have any actual value? Not to the demagogues and sloganeers, but perhaps to human souls. Silent, heartfelt prayer is part of the search for what we might become. Hollow recitations of committee-written prayers, designed to appease interest groups and be seen of men, is not. The fact that Christ felt this way ought to count for something.

The Ayatollah's child soldiers vs. Saddam Hussein's entrenched army.

BLOODBATH IN IRAQ

BY ROBERT D. KAPLAN

Baghdad

THE GOLD DOME and faience walls of the mausoleum of Ali Ibn Abi Talib, the prophet's cousin and son-in-law, rise like a mirage above the warren of bazaar streets in Najaf, Iraq's holiest Shiite city. It was to this mosque that the exiled Ayatollah Khomeini came daily to pray from 1962 to 1976. Najaf—one hundred miles south of Baghdad—is like a little piece of Persia inside Iraq, with swarms of women in chadors and men in the turban-like head gear that Iran's mullahs have made so famous. "Khomeini never left Najaf," an Iraqi official told me. "His only acquaintances there were his own followers. He thought all the other Shiites in Iraq were like them. He was wrong." Yet Khomeini's invasion force of thousands of young *Pasdaran* (revolutionary guards), whose doll-like bodies are still floating in the Howeizah marshes north of Basra, have fervently echoed the belief of their leader. Retrieved from the body of one Mohammed Ali Balkhadi was a prayer book and diary with his name inscribed, encouraging him to "march until Karbala [another holy Shiite city close to Najaf], which would open the road to Jerusalem."

The closer one looks at the latest Iranian offensive in the war between Iran and Iraq, the more futile it seems. Even if Balkhadi and his comrades—instead of being gassed and shelled by Iraqi helicopter gunships—had managed to hold the marsh village of Al-Beida, there still would have been miles of swamp to cross before reaching the main Tigris River road at Azeir, connecting Basra with Baghdad. And even if they had been able to take the main road, Basra is connected with another road along the Euphrates, fifty miles farther west through well nigh impenetrable marshes. Moreover, after close to four years of war, Basra's hundreds of thousands of Shiites have yet to revolt against the Sunni Arab regime of President Saddam Hussein At-Tikriti. Neither have the other Shiites in Iraq, who account for 56 percent of the country's 14.5 million people.

Basra, padlocked and secure behind sand and fertilizer bags, is shelled daily by Iranian artillery from across the border fifteen miles away. But to take Basra, the Iranians need air power which they don't have. They are outnumbered many times over by the Iraqis, who in dire emergency have Super Etendards equipped with Exocet missiles at the Mifrak Air Base near Amman in Jordan. The city's five hospitals report several civilian casualties and about a dozen wounded each day: enough to disrupt life but insufficient to weaken the city so much that the Shatt Al-Arab port is vulnerable to an invasion. Significantly, at the time of this writing in early March, many hospital rooms in Basra were still empty.

Near Basra, Iraqi forces have been trying to dislodge one Iranian division from the oil-rich Majnoon Island, which isn't really an island at all but a dry area in the middle of a swamp. At least as far as the outside world is concerned, it probably won't matter much whether or not the Iranians hold onto Majnoon because of their inability to overrun Basra.

In the central sector of Iraq east of Baghdad, American intelligence sources have reported four hundred thousand

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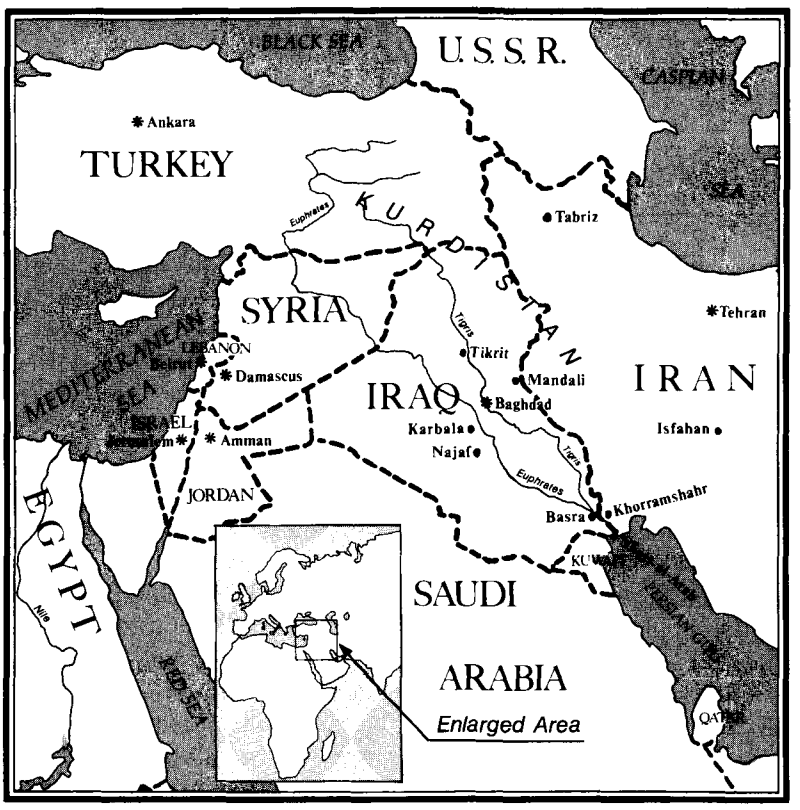
Iranians amassing near the Iraqi border town of Mandali. But the Ayatollah's troops have forty miles of barbed wire and minefields to cross, and though their morale may be high, their supply lines are nonexistent. Plastic keys to paradise may a brave army make, but not the kind which pays attention to small details like food, ammunition, and medical supplies. Iranian soldiers have been located in forward areas wandering around without bullets in their magazines.

Then there is the north, where Saddam has bought respite from the Kurds, a troublesome 18.6 percent of Iraq's population, by signing an autonomy agreement with rebel leader Jalal Talebani: an accord which the Soviets are thought to have helped arrange, on account of Talebani's good relations with the Russians from his pro-Syrian days. The Barzani faction, formerly led by Mullah Mustapha, can still cause Saddam difficulty. But then the Turkish Army is reportedly patrolling a swatch of Iraqi territory in Kurdistan, relieving pressure on Saddam's troops.

Thus with the Iranians unable to score a decisive breakthrough, and the Iraqis—for reasons best known to themselves—unwilling to utilize the full extent of their air power, the bloodbath goes on. More and more bodies are being bulldozed off the roads and into the marshes, and more and more of the marsh villages—mudbrick jigsaws evocative of the Sumerian towns which existed here over four thousand years ago—are being leveled.



MAP BY KENNY GRADY FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Exactly how many have been killed? No one has yet devised an accurate accounting. Diplomats in Baghdad have been dividing all Iraqi claims by two and all Iranian ones by three. It is thought here that approximately fifty thousand Iraqis and one hundred fifty thousand Iranians have died thus far in the conflict.

Western journalists have been comparing the fighting to World War I, but Iraqis compare it to the 637 A.D. battle of Qadisiya in south-central Iraq, where Arab armies routed the Persians, thus conquering Mesopotamia. Arab-Persian relations have been bloody ever since, sharpened and further complicated by the Sunni-Shiite split within Iraq. In 1623, for example, Safavid Persians took Baghdad, destroyed the Sunni mosques, and killed thousands. Only fifteen years later, Baghdad was retaken by the Ottoman Sultan Murad IV, and many Shiites were massacred. As an information ministry official in Baghdad puts it, "Iraq has an historic complex" regarding the Persians.

This legacy helps to explain the war's savagery. Iraqi soldiers stand around laughing at enemy corpses. Iraqi television broadcasts hours of daily footage showing nothing but dead Iranians and prisoners of war. I asked several Iraqi commanders about Iraq's alleged use of mustard gas and yellow rain. "If you were to give me a pesticide to throw at these insects, I would do so," said Major General Maher Abed El-Rashid, the Third Army commander. "We are not going to face our invaders with flowers, we are going to use all available means," said East Tigris Forces commander General Hisham Sabah Al-Fakri. Defense Minister Adnan Khairullah, the President's brother-in-law, simply replied, "Do you want us once again to show our linen before the world?"

As for the Iranians, Iraqi officials claim to have found bodies of villagers, in previously occupied marsh towns, with the eyes gouged out and limbs torn off. Given the nature of this war, the atrocity stories have a ring of truth which the battle claims do not have.

The historical legacy has also proved useful to Saddam, who started the war in the first place, against the advice of the late Iraqi president Ahmad Hassan Al-Bakr. Never mind that in 1980 Saddam toppled the country's economy and its chances of political supremacy in the Arab world by taking on a nation three times Iraq's size. Ask any Iraqi about that, and he'll say either that Khomeini started the war, or that he was going to and thus Saddam had no choice.

The most influential member of the revolutionary command council since shortly after the 1968 Baathist coup, the 47-year-old Saddam took formal control in July 1979, upon Al-Bakr's retirement, and proceeded to purge and execute radical, pro-Syrian elements in the council. Two significant trends followed: Iraq increased its economic ties to the West, and a personality cult emerged. Saddam's face now smiles at you from billboards, wall photos, and even wristwatches. To us he might look like a thug. But to

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Iraqis, with his piercing eyes and black moustache, he is "everyman"—a slightly better-looking version of the man in the street in Baghdad, who appears equally credible in a business suit, a soldier's uniform, or a sheik's costume. The president travels frequently throughout the countryside, giving lectures to villagers without using notes, like a candidate on the hustings.

Saddam last looked vulnerable in June 1982, after the Iraqi withdrawal from the occupied Iranian city of Khorramshahr. The Health Minister at the time, Dr. Riad Ibrahim, reportedly suggested that the president step down. Saddam reacted by convening the Ninth Congress of the ruling Baath Socialist Party, reducing the size of the revolutionary command council from eighteen members to nine, and executing Dr. Ibrahim. Since then the president's position has steadily improved: under the influence of General Al-Fakri, Iraq's army is performing better in the field, and recent purchases of French warplanes have given Saddam a trump card he didn't have before.

Furthermore, last fall the president took the popular measure of removing his three half-brothers from positions of power, including Barzan Ibrahim At-Tikriti, the head of the directorate-general of intelligence (the *mukhabarat*), who even by Iraqi standards had a particularly brutal and corrupt reputation. Barzan was known to have run a black market food supply operation, and it was during his tenure as intelligence chief that an American engineer was mistakenly arrested as a spy and tortured with electric shocks for three and a half months before being released. Still, Iraqi politics are essentially tribal, and Tikritis—those from the president's home town of Tikrit north of Baghdad—are to be found throughout the halls of government.

The state security apparatus is another factor mitigating against the kind of revolt Khomeini would like. Iraq is an artifically drawn state with a volatile sectarian mix. Its rulers since Hammurabi have ruled absolutely, if at all. The war has allowed the regime to further tighten the noose around the population. Iraq today, with several East German-trained intelligence services, is the most controlled state in the Arab world. Unlike even Syria, journalists in Iraq are prohibited from preparing their own telexes. "The walls have ears, people are cross-examined after conversations with foreigners, and everyone is terrified," said a resident diplomat, who like all foreign embassy personnel—except the Russians—are prohibited from traveling outside the capital without a special permit.

THROUGH ALL of this, Saddam has gained the reputation of a "moderate," a curious classification considering that the anti-Israel rhetoric inside Iraq is more virulent than in Syria. In Syria at least, Israel is referred to as "Israel." In Iraq, it is referred to —religiously almost—as "the Zionist entity."

However, it must be said that the moderate reputation is based on some hard evidence. Iraq is planning to build an oil pipeline to the Jordanian port city of Aqaba, which would easily be within Israeli firing range. Thus for the first time ever, Iraq will have a strategic interest in a peace treaty with Israel. Also, Saddam's remarks a while back to Representative Stephen Solarz, granting Israel the right to exist under certain circumstances, have been repeated since by other Iraqi officials at different levels of government. Western diplomats in Baghdad argue that Saddam's present line regarding Israel is not a tactical ploy by a man with his back up against the wall, but part of an overarching foreign policy shift. They say, given the historical record, that Syria and Iran are likely to be hostile neighbors long after the Gulf war is over, and that Iraq really has nowhere else to go except to the side of the moderates. In addition, Saddam's popularity at home is partly based on the ongoing Westernization of the economy (the United States has exported $1.51 billion worth of goods to Iraq since 1982), which would be jeopardized by a return to a more radical line.

BUT SINCE Iraq is still unwilling to resume diplomatic ties with the United States—severed in 1967—and is light years removed from Egypt, Jordan, and other traditional moderates in terms of its other political values, there is little reason for the United States to move closer to Saddam. Nor should the U.S. be misled into thinking that Iraq is on the verge of collapse before a Khomeini-led onslaught. Despite several bombings in the Iraqi capital carried out by the radical Shiite organization, *Al-Dawa* (the Call), Shiite leader Mohammed Bakr El-Hakim is not about to move from his place of exile in Tehran to the presidential palace in Baghdad.

Though the domestic economy is depressed, with construction lagging and the number of Egyptian guest workers down from three million to one million, there is no real sign of desperation. Conscript-age youths can be seen hanging around in civilian clothes throughout the country. Shortages of eggs and chickens are apparent, but there is an abundance of fruits and vegetables in local markets. And to ease the shortage of chickens, the government has turned over several Baghdad slaughterhouses to private businessmen, who, it is hoped, will run them more efficiently.

Finally, soldiers in the fields look well clad and well fed. Career officers are allowed to buy new cars for three thousand Iraqi dinars, which they can sell for triple or quadruple the price. Widows of soldiers are given generous financial compensation and assured free education for their children. The country is not on the ropes: it has guns and it has money.

Since the dawn of recorded history, the peoples of Mesopotamia—with hostile neighbors occupying the high ground on both sides—have been inculcated with martial values. True to its own past, Iraq is a praetorian state in a hard, cruel part of the world. As long as Saddam is in little danger of losing his country to Iranians exporting revolution, there can be little commonality in values between Iraq and the United States. As one journalist in Basra put it, "You could fit the human rights of Iraq on the head of a pin—and there'd still be room for the human rights of Iran."

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Early Spring Roundup

Splash. The mermaid surfaces again. Sometimes I get the surrealist feeling that there was a film about a mermaid, or at least with that word in the title, even before film was invented. This time we get one of the better mermaid jobs. The script is by Lowell Ganz, Babaloo (sic) Mandel, and Bruce Jay Friedman, from a screen story by Friedman based on a story by the producer Brian Grazer. The lengthy genealogy bodes ill; but, though the narrative looks tugged by different hands, some of them defter than others, *Splash* comes out swimmingly. Except when it tries too hard to amuse, it's amusing.

Splash
(Buena Vista)

Racing with the Moon
(Paramount)

Unfaithfully Yours
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

And Nothing but the Truth
(Castle Hill)

Twenty years before the "present" of the film, an eight-year-old boy compulsively dives overboard from a boat off Cape Cod and, underwater for a few seconds, meets a mermaid his own age. As he thinks. Anyway, the experience mars him amorously in adult life; he has girls aplenty but can't fall in love, because of an unconscious block. Circumstances, not adroitly contrived, lead him back to Cape Cod and into the water, where he meets the mermaid again, again his own age. She comes to New York to find him because she can shed tail for legs on land: in fact, things are managed so that he doesn't know *she* is a mermaid (although we do) until well along. The ending is a mixture of Waring blender whoop-up and neat insouciance.

The mermaid, who comes out of ancient mythology, is at least as credible here as the other characters, who come out of sitcom mythology. The acting is better-grade TV—the mass-produced light-comic hero, Tom Hanks, the melting blonde, Daryl Hannah, and the hero's brother, plump John Candy, a sort of *Saturday Night Live* comic. Ron Howard, who directed *Night Shift*, which was about a call-girl ring operating out of a morgue, paddles *Splash* along more briskly. What's best about the picture is that the fantasy element is never explained; it's taken for granted, like the mortal elements, which are not much less fantastic. And a good time can be had for most of the 111 minutes.

Racing with the Moon. Two weeks ago I quoted Ned Tanen, the former Universal chief, on his relief that Hollywood may now need to make fewer rites-of-passage pictures. In the future, perhaps. At the moment, we're still surrounded by them. A new one, pleasantly tolerable, is *Racing with the Moon*, which takes place in 1942 in a north California town, and concentrates on two high school graduates in the weeks between their enlistment in the Marines and their departure. The script by Steven Kloves tries for small-scale verities and, except for some episodes so egregiously fabricated that Kloves almost seems conscious of it, he succeeds. A prank involving the town prostitute is unbelievable. So is the hero's belief that his girlfriend is rich because she lives in the town's most luxurious house. Her mother is a maid there, which everyone in the town would have known. But lots of the details of feeling and fun are affecting.

The sensitive boy—naturally one of the boys is sensitive and the other a knockabout—is played with vernacular gentleness by Sean Penn, and his equivalent girl is played acceptably by Elizabeth McGovern, whose chief asset (to repeat myself) is her eyes. I hadn't dreamed I'd see still another nude swimming scene with two adolescents to demonstrate their purity and their discovery of true love, but here it is, and not badly done. Nicolas Cage, as the rougher boy, is draggy; his girl, who goes through a degrading abortion, is touchingly sketched by Suzanne Adkinson.

The film's cheeriest news is of Richard Benjamin, who had a quite uncompelling career as an actor and whose directing is much more engaging. His first directorial job was Peter O'Toole's *My Favorite Year*, which was good enough professional work. In his second, except for the sequences that are in themselves phony, Benjamin shows skill and sympathies.

Unfaithfully Yours. Another remake. As usual, it revises the original downward. Preston Sturges wrote and directed that original in 1948, with Rex Harrison as an orchestra conductor jealous of his wife, Linda Darnell. While conducting three pieces, Harrison daydreams of three styles of revenge—attuned to the music—on his supposedly unfaithful spouse. It's not Sturges's best picture, but it has some imaginative lift.

The new version reduces everything. The conductor is given only one piece to daydream through. The man who plays the conductor, Dudley Moore, is both lesser and shorter than Harrison.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

And the Ship Sails On. Fellini's maritime allegory. In 1914 a luxury liner, on an odd voyage, dramatizes fates and futures. Gorgeous, humorous, poignant. (Reviewed 2/13/84)

Le Crabe Tambour. French, also at sea a lot, but naval and proud. Story strong despite diffusion; Raoul Coutard's cinematography a contender for world honors. (3/12/84)

Entre Nous. France, 1942 and 1952. Delicate if morally unsettling triangle story, unusually well made. (2/27/84)

Tender Mercies. Mercifully back again. Robert Duvall and fellow actors fine in Horton Foote's screenplay about a busted Texas country singer who recovers as far as he wants to. (4/11/83)

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And the varieties of imagined revenge have been reduced to one very bloody, unfunny exercise.

Two pieces of good news. Nastassja Kinski, who apparently makes a picture a month, shows more flexibility and appeal as the wife than expected. Armand Assante, as the violinist of whom the conductor is jealous, continues to do whatever comes his way with clarity, ease, command. *Avanti*, Assante.

Dudley Moore was a good revue comic when he first appeared in the New York theater some twenty years ago, and that's what he still is. But fate has made him a star, and he keeps trying to stretch his small competencies into large endowments.

And Nothing but the Truth. Glenda Jackson has many gifts, but one she has not: an infallible instinct for good scripts. If she accepts roles like those in *Sunday Bloody Sunday* and *A Touch of Class* and *Stevie*, which she handles with differing dazzle, she also accepts things like *Negatives* and *The Music Lovers* and *Health*, which are like dead weights. Her latest is another clinker, a British film about (steady, now) truth-loving reporters struggling with nervous editors and fat-cat publishers. This time it's TV reporting and the bosses are TV executives; otherwise the dialogue is spun out of a bushel of Hollywood newspaper flicks, made British and fashionably salty.

Her colleague and pal is Jon Finch, who once tried to act (in Polanski's *Macbeth*, among others) and who now seems to be watching his daily rushes while he's making them. One of the news stories investigated by the Jackson-Finch pair concerns the I.R.A., and it's quite possible that some will resent the film's handling of this tormented question, which merely caricatures the opposition to the provos. The script's central investigation is both muddy and sententious, which Jackson cruelly makes us pay some attention to, simply because she's in it. The writer-director, Karl Francis, is from British TV and, on the evidence here, is welcome to go back.

ART AND APARTHEID

Notebooks 1960-1977
by Athol Fugard
edited by Mary Benson

(Knopf, 240 pp., $14.95)

These *Notebooks* are the record of eighteen years of Athol Fugard's creative life, covering a period from the early 1960s, when he tried his hand at a novel, gave it up, and decided, "I am a playwright," to the late 1970s, when he had established himself as a playwright of international stature. They trace the impact of day-to-day events upon him, the slow process by which kernels of truth crystallize from memories, and the sometimes halting and painful growth of his plays out of these kernels. As a record of the inner experiences of a self-aware and articulate creative consciousness, they are of absorbing interest, and we should be grateful to Fugard and his editor, Mary Benson, for making them public.

The *Notebooks* are, however, more than this. They are also the autobiography of a man of intelligence and conscience who chose to remain in South Africa at a time when many fellow writers were opting for (or being forced into) exile. This choice meant, among other things, that Fugard would live among those juxtaposed scenes of placid comfort and desperate poverty that belong to present-day South Africa, and so continually be brought face to face with the question of his relationship with a ruling order characterized by a remarkably loveless attitude toward its subjects (or some of them), an attitude of lovelessness that sometimes extends to atrocious callousness. Fugard's pleasure in the beauty of South Africa, and particularly of the eastern Cape coast where he lives—a pleasure which he communicates in passages of glitteringly precise description of its sights

"How long can you wear that without feeling like you're inside of a clam shell filled with marshmallows?"

This complaint about the discomfort of protective clothing comes from one voice from the workplace quoted by Dorothy Nelkin and Michael S. Brown in WORKERS AT RISK.

In this arresting study of the physical and psychological hazards of working with chemicals, the authors do not use dry statistics or dispassionate surveys. They present the realities of the perceptions, feelings, and desires of workers.

Many express their worries about not being properly informed of dangers, about management caring only for profits, about company doctors caring only for companies.

The interviewees talk about how they cope. "The jitters go away," says one. Says another: "You never balance the wage against the risk; you balance the wage against the alternative. And the alternative is starving."

Nelkin and Brown believe that, in a society increasingly dependent on chemicals, "The voices of the workers, their identification of problems, their insights, and their views must be heard. They are critical to the creation of a more humane working environment."

Workers at Risk
Voices from the Workplace
DOROTHY NELKIN and MICHAEL S. BROWN
$20.00
University of CHICAGO Press

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and sounds and smells—is therefore repeatedly subverted by "the nausea brought on by reading the newspapers," by bouts of "dumb and despairing rage at what we are doing." This revulsion leads in turn to doubts about the value of his art, which seems to be founded on material privilege, to be personal in its nature, to be only ambivalently committed to tangible political goals. The question of how to commit himself without losing his identity as an artist becomes a central preoccupation of the notebook entries of the mid-1960s. "The horror of what this government and its policies have done to people . . . has built up such an abyss of hatred that at times . . . I [have] been quite prepared to take the jump and destroy—but, so far, . . . the company of executioners remains loathesome," he writes in 1968. "I can't think of any moral dilemma more crucifying than this one."

Yet fidelity to his subject matter—which we may broadly define as the attempts of people to retain their self-respect in a degraded social order—makes him suspicious of an art yoked too closely to a political program. In *Boesman and Lena*, he asserts, what engages him is the "metaphysical" predicament of the couple rather than a "political [or] social" one. He reserves his judgment on *Sizwe Bansi is Dead* because he feels that it "[walks] the tightrope between poetry and propaganda."

THE ROUTE he follows out of his crisis of conscience is to take upon himself (following Sartre) the task of *bearing witness*. "The truth [must] be told, . . . I must not bear false witness." "My life has been given its order: love the little grey bushes"—by which he means, love the insignificant, the forgotten, the unloved. Against a system whose own degradation he measures by the degradations it imposes on others (at one point he goes further and suggests that the ultimate and unwitting victims of a regime of degradation are its perpetrators), Fugard opposes an ethic of love. "South Africa's tragedy is the small, meagre portions of love in the hearts of the men who walk this beautiful land." "People must be loved." "I love man for his carnality, his mortality. It is a hard love—a big love—and I must still grow." "What is Beauty? The result of love. The ugliness of the unloved thing."

This program of witness and love is carried out from a position which Fugard explicitly—at least in the early 1960s—identifies with that of Camus's Stranger, or Outsider. He records a "climacteric" in his life: sitting in a courtroom witnessing the processes of South African law, he realizes that what is taking place before him has little to do with justice, that (more significantly) all human law has its origin in a position of compromise; his own position, he decides, must henceforth be founded on a rejection of compromise, and therefore on a rejection of the moral claims of the law. Although the outsider status that he hereby assumes comes under considerable stress as pressure mounts upon him from the left to engage himself politically (or rather, since Fugard's art *is* an engaged art, to allow the terms of his engagement to be determined for him by the political struggle), he never really deserts it, partly because it allows him the autonomy he needs as a writer, partly because it gives definition to his persistent sense of himself as "not 'really' belonging, of being a 'stranger,' " no matter how much he sometimes wishes to become a "subscriber."

DURING 1962 and 1963 Fugard in fact undertook a systematic reading of Camus, and the formative influence of Camus on his own thought is clear. "Would be happy to spend the next ten years deepening my understanding and appreciation of this man," he writes. "Overwhelmed by Camus." The stance of what he calls "Heroic Pessimism," by which he characterizes his own work, comes to him from this reading, as well as such injunctions to himself as "Live prepared for death."

But Camus is only the chief in a long roll of intellectual influences charted in the *Notebooks*. From his cottage at Schoenmakerskop, Fugard kept well abreast of intellectual currents: there are notes on Faulkner and Kazantzakis and Robbe-Grillet, Brecht and Genet, Pound and Lowell and Pasternak, Jung and Laing and the Zen thinkers, all of whom can be shown either to have helped him define his own position or to have pointed him in new directions.

The most absorbing pages of the *Notebooks* are those in which Fugard explores the currents of his own creativity and the genesis and unfolding of his plays. "I've always known that in my writing it is the dark troubled sea [of the unconscious], of which I know nothing, save its presence, that [has] carried me," he writes. Later he contemplates a project of writing a notebook parallel to one of his plays in which he hopes to trace every stage of its creation—a project, in other words, for a more systematic version of the *Notebooks* we have—and then wryly dismisses it for its "naiveté": he is too much "adrift" in the "deep and dark currents" of his creative unconscious, he realizes, to be able to chart their depths.

This confidence in his own unconscious processes leads to an untroubled acceptance of periods in his creative life that appear from the outside to be infertile, as well as to a certain intellectual passivity.

> Nothing, ever, in my life seems to stem from my asking a question and needing an answer. My consciousness of self and the world around me is, most times, the best times, . . . as smooth and solid as the sea tonight. . . . I don't think I live negatively—the impulse to write is a vigorous, affirmative one, but it never has its origins in the need for answers.
>
> So often the paradox in writing: discover your beginning when you reach the end.

Insofar as the *Notebooks* make clear a method or pattern in Fugard's playwriting, it is one of worrying for months and sometimes years at a subject, often a subject suggested by a real-life encounter, until the image, the kernel out of which the play will eventually grow, emerges with "a life of its own, a truth bigger than itself." Much of the book is devoted to recording the quest for these images of "truth . . . [which] when it comes, flashes back like lightning, through all that [has] preceded it."

Of his poetics, Fugard writes: "I strive quite consciously and deliberately for ambiguity of expression. . . . My whole temperament inclines me to be very unequivocal indeed. That is not difficult—but it would be at the cost of truth." "Darkness is . . . an essential help to the truly poetic image." Made in 1969-70, these statements serve to remind us of how strenuously Fugard has striven to deploy the poetics of Modernism over a field that might seem to belong only to Social Realism; this deployment, when it is successfully achieved, is what gives his work its uniqueness.

Out of his orientation toward the hidden and irrational comes the succinct and powerful formulation by which in 1976 he characterizes his art: "A man must have a Secret, and as a result of

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that an Act which takes others by surprise."

There is less about theater, and about Fugard's experience in theater in Britain and the United States, than admirers of his plays might expect. The main reason is that the *Notebooks* were written in South Africa during spells of privacy; gaps in the chronology mark his absences abroad. But the *Notebooks* do record the excitement and disappointments of his work with black theater groups in the Port Elizabeth townships, thoughts on the staging of his plays, records of conversations with the actors John Kani and Yvonne Bryceland, and comments on the nature of theater that illuminate his own creative practice. Thus: "One of the reasons . . . why I write for the stage . . . [is] the Carnal Reality of the actor in space and time. Only a fraction of my truth is in the words."

WE MUST presume that Fugard did some editing of his own before he passed the notebooks over to Mary Benson in 1979. Nevertheless, there remains much that is autobiographical in a personal way—criticism of his own "self-indulgence, self-pity, romanticism," of his evasive and confused treatment of the beggars who haunt all good liberals, of his "incurable inability to say 'No,' " of the "anarchistic, destructive core to [his] being." There are dark intervals when he records "almost total loss of all sense of value," or, on the last page of the *Notebooks*, "inner agony . . . death in life . . . the total extinction of my creativity . . . I have feared for my sanity." There are also glimpses of Fugard poring for hours over rock pools, experiencing the "electric, orgiastic" pleasures of spearfishing, angling along the coast. ("Zen and the art of angling. Every cast a cast into your soul.")

Mary Benson has supplemented the *Notebooks* with several pages of useful notes and a glossary of South African terms. By and large these are adequate, though Benson is mistaken in thinking that the Afrikaans verb *moer* has anything to do with murder. There also seem to have been misreadings of Fugard's text. Eliot did not write a poem called "The Rack," nor is it likely that Fugard called Beckett and Ionesco "absurdities."

One is hardly entitled to criticize a writer for what he has chosen to write or not write about in his private notebooks. Nevertheless, there are points at which one wishes Fugard had pushed his thinking an inch or two further. The notion of the natural dignity of all life, most of all human life, is a keystone of Fugard's thought. At the heart of the evil of white *Herrschaft* in South Africa, in Fugard's view, is its desire not only to use the black man as a tool for its own material gain, but to strip him of all dignity in the process. The ruling order has thus literally become an *order of degradation*: no black man finds a place in society till he has passed the rite of being "taught a lesson" and abased. I have no quarrel with such an analysis, as far as it goes. But Fugard, not an Afrikaner, is close enough to the Afrikaner to know that the humiliation of the weak by the strong has been a characteristic practice of the Afrikaner within his own culture, a practice underpinned by a perhaps perverted reading of Scripture which gives inordinate emphasis to authority and its converse, abasement. The humbling of children by parents, of students by teachers, and generally of the younger by the older (the uninitiated by the initiated)—humbling that does not cease till face has been lost—is part of the life experience of most Afrikaners, and is kept

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alive, against liberalizing counterforces, by such institutions as the armed forces, which reach into most white households. There are many authoritarian societies on earth, but Afrikanerdom strikes one as a society in which castration is allotted a particularly blatant role. Fugard knows the castrating urge behind South African *baasskap*, knows that the castrated, the unloved, usually takes his place at the forefront of the castrators. Does he guess, too, that in probing the apparently peripheral phenomenon of humiliation he is coming close to the heart of the beast? It would be interesting to know.

From the fact that the *Notebooks* begin to tail off after 1973 we may infer that Fugard's impulse to keep this form of diary has waned, and that there will be no second volume. We must therefore take what we have as a record of a phase in Fugard's life that has closed, a phase in which, in a spirit of total engagement, he searched in daily experience and in books for the germs of truth. Even the reader only sketchily familiar with Fugard's plays will find it an absorbing experience to follow him on his search.

J. M. Coetzee

J. M. Coetzee is the author most recently of *Life and Times of Michael K* (Viking), winner of the 1983 Booker Prize.

I Married Jiang

The White-Boned Demon: A Biography of Madame Mao Zedong by Ross Terrill

(William Morrow, 446 pp., $18.95)

It was not until Andropov's death, when a picture was published of his weeping widow, that the Western world found out that Andropov's wife was still alive. It made us realize how little we know about the leaders of the Soviet Union. Surprisingly, we know much more about the leaders of that other large Marxist-Leninist society, the People's Republic of China. Although China is far less accessible, culturally and linguistically, we have all kinds of information about the love lives, personal rivalries, and family feuds of its leaders. Traditionally, Chinese historians paid great attention to personal intrigues, not only because of a Chinese disposition to personal factionalism, but also because the Emperor's isolation in the palace, surrounded by his family, concubines, and eunuchs, meant that his private life became intertwined with his public life. The failings of the rulers were usually blamed on the evil doings of the women at court. In recent times, for political as well as for traditional reasons, Pekinologists in Taiwan and Hong Kong have often interpreted events on the mainland primarily in terms of the personal machinations of the leaders. China's political campaigns have fueled this personalized approach to history by publishing the confiscated personal letters and internal communications of its victims, interpreted in such a way so as to prove their guilt.

Ross Terrill's book on Mao's wife, Jiang Qing, is very much in this Chinese tradition of historiography. In addition to interviews with observers and associates of Jiang Qing over the past fifty years, it relies heavily on sources from Hong Kong, Taiwan, Japan, and the Red Guard. Few Western works have depicted the intimate lives of China's Communist leaders in such detail. Whereas most Western scholars of China have stressed ideological struggles, economic debates, and political factionalism, Terrill stresses personal feuds as the core of Chinese politics.

He presents Jiang Qing as a willful, self-centered, flighty, narrow-minded, vindictive, manipulative woman. Yet he also admires her courage and iconoclastic behavior in a society which, even under the rule of the Chinese Communist Party, prizes conformity and obedient, discreet women. Although much of his information about Jiang Qing's early life comes from her ex-husband and ex-lovers—obviously biased sources—Terrill treats her efforts to make a life on her own sympathetically. He points out that the restraints on women made sex and marriage the only way for Jiang Qing to gain power. There have been some twentieth-century women, writers and revolutionary activists, for instance, who have found other routes, but their number is small and their options limited.

In the 1930s Jiang Qing was drawn to the bohemian life of Shanghai, where sex and connections brought her parts in plays and films. But the party's cultural leaders, who dominated the Shanghai theater world, did not appreciate her talents, and refused to give her the important roles she desired. Rejected, she became extremely antagonistic toward them. In the late 1930s, as the Japanese began to bomb Shanghai, she made her way to the party's guerrilla base in Yanan in northwest China. Over the opposition of Mao's revolutionary comrades she displaced Mao's third wife, who was a committed revolutionary, and became his fourth. But Mao's revolutionary comrades made her promise to stay out of politics for thirty years, a promise which instilled in her great hostility toward the party's leaders.

Terrill describes a climate of sexual promiscuity in Yanan. A philanderer who had little respect for women and took them as a privilege of power, Mao was particularly susceptible to younger women, especially actresses, and continued to have affairs even after his marriage to Jiang Qing; in the 1970s, when he was in his 80s, it was rumored that he had an affair with a young train conductress with whom he had an illegitimate son. Zhou Enlai is untainted by stories of infidelity, but he is sullied by a depiction of him fawning on Jiang Qing in order to get into the good graces of her husband. "For the sake of revolution," Zhou rationalized his actions, " . . . we even have to become prostitutes." Terrill also shows, however, that Zhou treated women without condescension, and in the early 1970s turned against Jiang Qing even though she still had the support, however tenuous, of her husband.

When the party came to power in 1949, the romance appeared to fade from the Mao-Jiang Qing marriage. Her efforts to participate actively in the cultural activities of the new regime

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were blocked by her old adversaries from Shanghai. Terrill portrays her as a frustrated housewife who became bored, depressed, and ill, and spent her time fomenting family feuds with the sons, daughters-in-law, and daughter of Mao's other marriages. In these family struggles, Mao the political activist is pictured as passive, as if he wanted nothing to do with family relationships. His third wife and one of his sons by his second wife ended up in mental institutions, and his daughter by Jiang Qing was diagnosed as a schizophrenic.

IN THE 1960s, the Mao-Jiang Qing relationship became close once again, primarily for political reasons. As the party's bureaucratic leaders questioned Mao's leadership after the failure of his policy of the Great Leap Forward of 1958-1960, Mao turned increasingly to Jiang Qing for help. As he used her in his political battles, she used him in her personal vendettas. This alliance culminated in the Cultural Revolution campaign of 1966-1969, which Terrill attributes to Jiang Qing's revenge on the party officials and their wives who had rebuffed her in the past. Terrill states that "without Jiang Qing, there may not have been a Cultural Revolution."

It is true that her old adversaries were among the chief targets of the campaign and that the attacks on their wives were particularly venomous. Another one of her shortcomings was undisguised jealousy, particularly against Wang Guangmei, the wife of Liu Shaoqi, the chief target of the campaign, who was in the impossible position of being Mao's designated successor. Because Wang was more attractive, better educated, and more Westernized than Jiang Qing, she was imprisoned for twelve years.

The Cultural Revolution, however, was much more than one woman's vengeance or even, as Terrill also points out, Mao's confronting his own mortality. It was the culmination of the campaigns that the party, as well as Mao, had been carrying out since the early 1940s against any opposition to the will of the leadership. Its origins were not in Jiang Qing's vendettas, but in the economic disaster of the Great Leap Forward, when the consensus within the leadership broke down over the means by which China was to develop. The party's bureaucratic officials rejected Mao's methods of ideological struggle and mass mobilization in favor of more

continued on page 32

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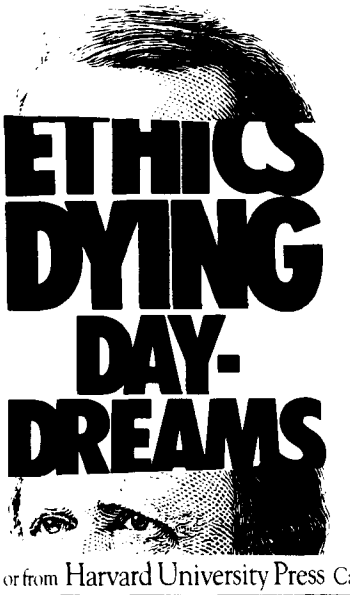

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CHINA CAMERA

China After Mao: "Seek Truth From Facts" by Liu Heung Shing introduction by Richard Bernstein

(Penguin Books, 176 pp., $8.95)

A duo of roller-skating male Shanghainese in interlocked and exuberant arabesque; a crowd of uplifted hands clutching paper money for the sellers of a dissident magazine who are crouched on top of Democracy Wall; a cosmetic surgeon pointing to the Western crease he has just effected in a young woman's eyelids; Chairman Mao's head walking off, only the feet of the workman removing it showing beneath the huge portrait; performing panda Wei Wei getting a kiss from her handsome trainer, in intimate profile; Malcolm Forbes with his hot-air balloon and Harley Davidson on his way to the Great Wall; artists demonstrating in 1979 with a placard reading, "We want artistic freedom"; students sitting on sheets of newspaper in the middle of Tiananmen Square, studying under the lamplights—these are a few of photographer Liu Heung Shing's subjects in *China After Mao: "Seek Truth From Facts."*

Followers of the Western press coverage of China during the last few years will find many of these images familiar—a testament to Liu Heung Shing's success. His work, usually credited only in undistinguished vertical notes as "Liu-AP" or "Liu-Contact," has probably been reproduced more widely than that of any other professional photographer stationed in Peking, and has done much to shape Westerners' pictures of contemporary China. His photographs have found their way onto book jackets (Richard Bernstein's and Fox Butterfield's) and into countless news articles. Liu's fascination for the often humorous images of de-Maoification and Westernization has made his work immediately recognizable—as has his access to the lives of urban young people, made easier because of his own youth and his Chinese ancestry.

Liu's position as a professional photographer has given him another kind of access, to the famous and powerful. Among the Chinese notables portrayed in *China After Mao* are Deng Xiaoping (smiling, lighting a cigarette), Premier Zhao Ziyang, General Party Secretary Hu Yaobang, the writers Ding Ling and Cao Yu, the painter Yuan Yunsheng. There is a photo of the Deng-Hu-Zhao triumvirate standing solemnly at the ceremony marking the cente-

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nary of Marx's death, another of the decrepit Politburo member Ye Jianying, 85, being ministered to by one of his nurses during a session of the National People's Congress. Among the Westerners are Nixon (still a China favorite), Kissinger, Ozawa, Mohammed Ali (throwing a punch to a bronze lion-dog), Kareem Abdul Jabbar, New York mayor Ed Koch (pushing a streetsweeper in Shanghai), the student Lisa Wichser after her detention as a "U.S. spy," and Sesame Street's Big Bird.

If there is any quarrel to pick with the overall picture of China that Liu presents, it is that it gives undue visibility to the West, perhaps because of Liu's long stay in Peking and his access to these notables. It has been fashionable for Western observers to point with concern to Chinese adoption of what they consider the "wrong" things from the West, to the extent that some have become more ideologically puritanical than the Chinese themselves. Liu is not falling into this trap, for he understands too well that the open door represents a tremendous liberation from leftist control for the Chinese people.

It is worth remembering, however, how very different Peking and Shanghai are from the rest of China. The presence, for example, of jazz musicians Willie Ruff and Dwight Mitchell at a Peking conservatory does not mean that jazz has come to China (most Chinese think jazz is any kind of Western pop music). Nor can Pierre Cardin's boutique at the Temple of Heaven (a major stop for Western tourists) be expected to cater to a Chinese clientele, despite the Chinese model in Liu's photograph. For the vast majority of Peking residents, real contact with the foreign world within their city is unheard of, just as for the vast majority of Chinese people, the good standard of living and comparatively sophisticated social and cultural life enjoyed in the major cities is still a far-off dream.

Liu does include a large selection of photographs of other sectors of China, from religious worshipers, coal miners, and Tibetans to soldiers and peasants. There are weddings and a funeral, a prison and a dance party; there are professional permanent waves, and haircuts of and by primary school students. To Liu's credit, there are only three portraits of creased and wrinkled old people, only one water buffalo, and not a single shot of beautiful scenery. Indeed, his rejection of artiness in favor of communication about China may be precisely the key to his success.

In *China After Mao* Liu has managed to capture some of the tensions and paradoxes of Chinese life during the shift from leftist xenophobia to comparative liberalization, and he has also managed to show the Chinese people as living personalities capable of humor, hardship, vanity, grief, passion, and great aspirations. In doing so, he has set a new standard for photography of China, and produced a memorable portrait of the country in an important period of transition. If one closes the book with the sense that there are gaps (missing, especially, is a fuller portrait of the peasants, whose grueling lives are far more characteristic of China than are Mitsubishi billboards), this is a testimonial to the infinitude of China's faces, and to the fact that the task of describing them is a truly endless one.

JUDITH SHAPIRO

Judith Shapiro is co-author of *Son of the Revolution* (Vintage).

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conventional economic practices and the use of a technocratic elite. When Mao saw the new class of technocrats and bureaucrats that emerged from the party's pragmatic policies of the early 1960s, he feared that the revolution for which he had fought would be betrayed. Thus he launched the Cultural Revolution against this new class and was forced to go outside the party in order to purge the party bureaucracy.

Jiang Qing and her ideological allies in Shanghai, later called the Gang of Four, were only one of the groups of activists in the Cultural Revolution. Others were equally or more important, such as the army under Lin Biao and a group of radical ideologues from the Philosophy and Social Sciences Department of the Chinese Academy of Science. This group Terrill does not discuss, though its writings provided the ideological underpinnings of the Cultural Revolution. While it is true that many of the leading victims of the Cultural Revolution were cultural figures who had crossed Jiang Qing in the past, many more were army commanders, provincial leaders, and famous scientists and scholars who had no connection whatsoever with her.

The use of terror, the cult of the personality, forced confessions, imprisonment, work reform, humiliation of victims by forcing them to wear dunce caps and wooden placards, emotional mass accusation sessions, and personal vengeance—all these were not unique to the Cultural Revolution. Nor were they Jiang Qing's creations. The violence and chaos were greater and the scale broader, but the methods had been used by the party ever since its guerrilla days. Moreover, the persecution of the wives, children, and families of the accused was not even unique to the Communist regime; it had been perpetrated in China for many, many centuries.

TERRILL ALSO claims that Mao would not have called the campaign a cultural revolution without Jiang Qing. But regarding the arts and ideas as the source of China's problems was not just the special concern of Jiang Qing, or even of Mao. It has also been a concern of the party's. Ever since the party began launching its purges, it has directed many of them against the literary intellectuals. This concern stems partly from the Confucian belief that "incorrect" thinking in the ideological-cultural realm could damage the political realm, and partly from the fact that those engaged in the arts and ideas have been the most outspoken critics of the regime. Hence the party, as well as Mao and Jiang Qing, was obsessed with cultural and ideological dissidence. It is estimated that about seven hundred thousand Westernized intellectuals were purged by the party even before the Cultural Revolution in campaigns in 1955 and 1957 in which Jiang Qing played no role.

Even with the death of Mao, the imprisonment of Jiang Qing, and the emergence of the more pragmatic Deng Xiaoping leadership, the attacks on the literary intellectuals continue. From October 1983 until early 1984, for example, there was a campaign against spiritual pollution, launched under Deng Xiaoping's auspices, that criticized writers, journalists, and ideologists whose work, it was charged, provokes questioning of Marxism-Leninism and of Chinese Communist rule. Although this campaign was without mass mobilization and was more selective than the earlier ones, it used the old methods of purges, suppression of criticism, and forced confessions. As long as there are no laws, institutions, and legal opposition to protect critics and prevent the unchecked use of power, it is likely such campaigns will continue even under pragmatic, reformist leaders.

Terrill's style is richly textured and fast moving. Sometimes there is clear attribution for his information; sometimes there is not. Some information appears unevaluated, such as that based on gossip, movie magazines, and biased political and personal sources. The book is enlivened by reconstructed dialogue. But can one trust an informant's memory of many years ago? And can a third party know what two people said to each other in private? Terrill also uses internal monologues to convey the thoughts and feelings of his subjects; when some man tries to take advantage of Jiang Qing, for example, she felt "what a tedious pig he was." How does Terrill know? And would she have expressed herself in such a way? He is supposedly writing historical fact, not historical fiction. There is no question that such devices make his work more accessible to the general reader, but they raise doubts about its historical accuracy.

Terrill's use of comparisons also makes his subject more understandable. His comparisons of Jiang Qing with Eva Perón and Imelda Marcos are particularly revealing. But his comparison of Jiang Qing with Eleanor Roosevelt misleads, and surely does a disservice to Mrs. Roosevelt. As he points out, both women turned the traumas of their early years into sources of creativity and independence, and both assumed power that had slipped from their weakened husbands. But Mrs. Roosevelt used the opportunity to do good and exert a positive influence on society. Jiang Qing used it to carry out revenge and damage countless lives. Her influence was negative and destructive. Even her example of nonconformity had little positive impact, except possibly for her last scene, when she, alone among those tried for the crimes of the Cultural Revolution, refused to confess and assume the blame that she placed on Mao. Her iconoclastic and feminist views, in short, were a means to power. As Terrill rightly points out, she had little interest in causes beyond herself.

What would a book on John Kennedy's peccadillos tell us about American politics? Most likely very little. The

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same cannot be said about China, because of the highly personalized nature of Chinese politics. That is why Terrill's fascinating biography of Jiang Qing, which focuses on family grudges, personal vendettas, and nonpolitical passions, reveals much about policy-making. Yet looking only at Jiang Qing, divorced from the historical and political context in which she moved, obscures the nature of the Cultural Revolution and even of the present regime. Terrill's approach supports the current explanation promoted by the Deng Xiaoping leadership that the Cultural Revolution was a terrible aberration perpetrated by Jiang Qing's Gang of Four. It absolves the party of responsibility. Yet the Cultural Revolution was an evolution of the Communist system, as some of China's own dissidents have pointed out. It was the culmination of ideas and practices that the party and Mao had used since their early days and continue to use today in a modified form. While the party has experimented in the economic realm (for example in its current decollectivization of agriculture), in the cultural realm it continues to use the same political methods of suppression against any challenge to its one-party rule and its interpretation of Marxism-Leninism.

MERLE GOLDMAN

Merle Goldman is a professor of history at Boston University. Her most recent book is *China's Intellectuals: Advise and Dissent* (Harvard University Press).

THE POPULAR PATRON

The Democratic Muse: Visual Arts and the Public Interest by Edward C. Banfield

(A Twentieth Century Fund Essay/Basic, 256 pp., $15.95)

This is a provocative book. It is full of amusing stories of bureaucratic silliness, stories about the keen desire of government officials to support avant-garde cultural projects, the avanter the better, that have almost certainly been designed to mock the officials. But it's not Edward Banfield's purpose to tell amusing stories. He intends a systematic critique of the idea of federal support for the visual arts—or for any other of the arts, I assume, though he can't get to the others in a single volume. He intends to start an argument. So do his sponsors: the Twentieth Century Fund has, until now, only sponsored books defending federal support or debating its appropriate forms. With these books and other related activities, it has played a significant part in shaping the National Endowment for the Arts. *The Democratic Muse* carries an introduction by the Fund's current director, M. J. Rossant, who sounds slightly embarrassed but still game: he hopes that someone will take up Banfield's "challenge." So I shall argue with this book rather than just review it. I especially want to join the argument because Banfield quotes an essay of mine in support of his own views; I was writing about something quite different, but also, perhaps, a bit carelessly.

Market arguments take pride of place these days, and Banfield makes the standard laissez-faire case against federal support. But my sense is that his heart lies elsewhere; I shall respond only briefly. (Readers can look at two earlier Twentieth Century Fund studies: Baumol and Bowen's *Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma* and Netzer's *The Subsidized Muse*.) We might indeed let market demand determine the supply of art, the cost of museum admissions, and the wages of artists. Or, rather, market demand plus private patronage, subsidized by the government through tax deductions. Banfield doesn't propose denying the deductions; he favors indirect, at least when compared to direct, subsidies. In either case, though more perfectly in a perfect market, waste would be eliminated: forced to face his real costs, Banfield writes, no museum director would "spend $10 worth of resources to afford [someone] satisfaction worth only $1 to him." The issue here, however, is whether art isn't the sort of good that ought to be "wastefully" available, that is, *more* available than the market would make it—whether it shouldn't be available even to people who cannot afford the economic price of their satisfaction. And no market analysis can resolve that. We commonly accept this argument with regard to negative goods. We know, for example, how the market would distribute heroin; the question is whether we want heroin to be marketable at all. Positive goods raise the same theoretical issue: is market distribution what we want?

This is a political—not an economic—question, and Banfield's argument properly begins with an analysis of American politics. What is our government for? Not, according to his reading of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, to improve public taste or to provide individual citizens with aesthetic satisfaction, but rather to guarantee our rights, enable us to pursue our private happiness, and provide

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a limited set of public goods. The government must see to it, says Banfield, that there are courthouses, but not that there are statues in front of the courthouses. He cites Rawls's *Theory of Justice*, probably the best philosophical representation of American liberalism: "the principles of justice do not permit subsidizing universities and institutes, opera and theater, on the grounds that these institutions are intrinsically valuable. . . ."

We could, of course, put statues in front of courthouses on other grounds—in order to honor worthy citizens, for example, or to symbolize our common values. The statue might be like the picture of Washington on the dollar bill, which doesn't provide us with aesthetic satisfaction every time we look at it. But pictures and statues probably could not play their honorific or symbolic roles if they did not have, or if we did not think they had, intrinsic value. Intrinsic value is often turned instrumental, called into service for distant causes. Rawls would not object to that service; nor would Banfield, though he seems skeptical that art can ever be an effective servant. He insists that the "justification for government support of art must rest on the inherent rather than the incidental values associated with it—aesthetic experience, that is, rather than values that could be as well or perhaps better secured by other means." The question is, can we put a statue in front of the courthouse just because we think it is beautiful?

In practice, however, some of us will think it beautiful and some of us will think it ugly—while some of us will be indifferent to sculpture generally. So we are, in Rawls's terms, "compelling some citizens to pay for unwanted benefits that others desire." We do that also in the case of Social Security and even national defense, but there we serve the interests of the largest number of citizens. Can it plausibly be said that statues, or subsidies to museums and fellowships for artists, serve the interests of the citizens? Only if we argue, says Banfield, that it is in their interest to have, whether or not they are interested in having, aesthetic experiences—and that subsidies and fellowships will actually increase the number of people having and enjoying such experiences. A hard argument to make, since we are not sure (and philosophers disagree about) what an aesthetic experience is. On some modernist accounts, the experience of a work of art ought to be deeply upsetting, unnerving, desolating. How can a government committed to the pursuit of happiness sponsor desolation?

But surely the best argument for public funding is not an argument about aesthetic experience at all; it is an argument about knowledge and understanding. For most of human history, high culture has been the preserve of the upper classes, and their exclusive hold (I don't mean only their physical but also their mental possession of the culture, their familiarity, information, and general savvy) has been one of the means by which they maintained their social position. The democratic state has a plausible interest, and all the citizens have a plausible interest, in loosening that hold, in making our cultural heritage a common possession. There is also a democratic interest in recognizing excellence in popular culture, validating experiences that have been thought "low" because of the status of the people whose experiences they are. But that is, perhaps, a side issue here. The general argument is this: the government should patronize art in order to make possible the popular understanding and intellectual appreciation of art—and the reason it should do this follows from the importance of "culture" in our culture, that is, of art (and music and literature too) in our shared social life.

A DEMOCRATIC state needs to call into question Mannheim's thesis that "The social value of intellectual [we need to add: and artistic] culture is a function of the social status of those who practice it." In fact, value is more complex and interesting. Art was monopolized by the upper classes only because they, or some of their leading members, took it to be intrinsically valuable. Aristocrats and merchants did not collect works of art only because art was available for purchase, but also because they (or some of them) thought that the works were beautiful or exciting or somehow illuminating. And there would be no reason for us to try to make art a common possession if we did not share that view. But we do share it, or enough of us do; it is only because we do that the monopoly on art can serve to enhance the status of the wealthy and the wellborn vis-à-vis the rest of us. I see no reason why this opinion doesn't provide adequate grounding for federal subsidies. Of course, the opinion has to be ratified politically; it has to be tested against other opinions about intrinsic (and instrumental) value through the democratic process. Banfield wants to prejudge this test by referring to basic and unchanging constitutional principles—as if the question, what is government

SUBURBAN SWAMP

The swamp at the end of our cozy county road
does nothing for the value of what we own;
it's what the agents call an eyesore
and the neighbors never mention to their friends,
half wishing what they never set in words
will not exist. I'm standing by the stumps
that fizzle like antacid tabs in water,
the tatty oaks too old for leaves, loose
at the roots like blackened teeth that wobble
in the gums, a peridontal nightmare.
This was once a lake, old timers say,
remembering the sunny Sunday picnics
where these mossbanks grow or, some say,
"fester." Frogs exhale into the midday air.
The green-gold water pops its blisters.
Winds are redolent of larval scum
that might well be a soothing balm for backache
in an old wives tale if old wives lived.
The Indians came out in bark canoes
two centuries ago; now Boy Scouts tramp
these margins for a merit badge or two,
birdwatchers wait for oddly-feathered friends,
and secret moralists inspect the setting
for its sheer decay. I like it how
what happens happens out of sight here.
Business goes on beneath the surface:
transformations: water into froth,
great hulking logs to pulp and steam.
Here every change is hidden but complete,
all purposes obscured—a skilled dismantling,
de-creation into light and air.

JAY PARINI

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for? was answered once and for all in the eighteenth century. But he knows this isn't so. "The role of government in a free society," as he says in an unguarded moment, "must be a matter of continuous negotiation among members of its public." Democratic states are as free as kings and aristocrats once were to patronize the arts. But the state spends the people's money! Yes; but a democrat might reflect that that's what kings and aristocrats did, too.

One way of making art available is to subsidize museums. Another way would be to reduce the cost of art objects—and to improve the quality of reproductions. Until now, government subsidies have probably pushed costs up, making it possible, say, for museums to bid competitively for original paintings, while the inferior quality of reproductions has been maintained as a matter of policy. What underlies the policy is a certain view of the intrinsic value of the original. The strongest and most interesting part of Banfield's book is an argument that this is a value that the democratic state should deliberately subvert. Here he abandons his absolute opposition to government subsidy and switches into the conditional mood: if the state supports the arts, it should at least do so in a democratic way.

On this view, we should allow private individuals (and museums, too, insofar as they are privately financed) to collect originals—much as first editions of books are collected; while we would use public funds to make available, and also to exhibit, high-quality reproductions and legalized "forgeries" of the originals. "From the public standpoint," Banfield writes, "it makes . . . sense to use tax dollars to *increase* the supply and *decrease* the price of art." Artists would have little to complain about if widespread reproduction slowed down the rate at which the value of their paintings increased, for once they have sold a painting they don't share the income from later sales. And, though they might get less to start with, the law could guarantee them royalties from the sale of the reproductions (and, Banfield suggests, control over the quality of the reproductions). Then the physical possession of originals would lose its social importance and become a special form of pleasure or a petty form of snobbery.

All this sounds right to me, though (if Banfield's quotations are representative) such proposals inspire only outrage among art critics and museum directors. At any rate, this is the right kind of argument, for it substitutes political purposes for market outcomes, and it recognizes the cultural interests of the demos. For Banfield it is only a fallback position, however, and it may be that he is ready to fall back to it only because of the outrage it inspires. Perhaps he thinks that the leaders of the art world would rather give up government subsidies altogether than take them in this form. I expect that some of them would, and that might make for a lively battle—and one entirely appropriate to democratic politics.

MICHAEL WALZER

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Democracy
by Joan Didion

(Simon and Schuster, 208 pp., $13.95)

The literary critic Frederick Karl was recently quoted as saying that Joan Didion "diminishes whatever she touches." It's a remark that becomes more interesting when you twist it into a compliment: Joan Didion writes from a vantage point so remote that all she describes seems tiny and trim and uncannily precise, like a scene viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. That cleared space where she stands, that chilly vacuum that could either be intellectual irony or profound depression, gives her a slant of vision that is arresting and unique.

Democracy, her fourth novel, is narrated by an "I" who is apparently Joan Didion herself, untransformed. "Let the reader be introduced to Joan Didion," she says, "upon whose character and doings much will depend of whatever interest these pages may have. . . . " She spends several pages pondering how best to tell her story—tossing out false starts, enumerating the details she has decided not to include.

And what is her story? Well, Jack Lovett, a world traveler whose business dealings don't bear close investigation, meets Inez Christian in Hawaii on her seventeenth birthday. They have a brief affair and then part. Inez marries Harry Victor, who eventually becomes a U.S. Senator. Over the next twenty years, she and Jack Lovett run into each other by chance here and there, in various far-flung corners of the world. There's a hushed-up scandal when Inez's father murders Inez's sister and the sister's male guest. Inez abandons the role of politician's wife and goes away with Jack Lovett. There's the beginning of another scandal when Jack Lovett's business dealings come into question, but by then he has died of natural causes.

End of story.

Some story, you say.

But what gives these "fitful glimpses" (as Joan Didion calls them) shape and direction is the eye that observes them—that eye looking through the wrong end of the telescope. In many ways, the strongest character in this novel in the narrator herself, with her cataloguing of clues, her conjectures, her obsessive fascination with the various participants. We never physically see her or understand her position, exactly (although we know that she writes, that she does some reporting, that she once worked for *Vogue*, that she's published a novel), but she casts an aura of loneliness over all she describes. She might be a foreigner, even an observer from another planet—one so edgy and alert that she ends up knowing more about our own world than we know ourselves.

She knows that a certain kind of man can claim "to have played every Robert Trent Jones golf course in the world with the exception of the Royal in Rabat," that others are at ease "only in hotel lobbies and transit lounges, in the Express Check-Ins and Clipper Clubs of the world, sealed environments in which they always remember the names of the attendants who make the drinks and arrange the connecting flights." She knows that a press card that won't get you backstage at a Pink

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Floyd concert will get you onto a C-5A to Saigon. That the lovingly stored fur coats of women living in the tropics will have their "guard hairs still intact." That when someone like Jack Lovett takes an apartment, it's leased in the name of the Mid-Pacific Development Company.

She can toss around terms like "M-16s, AK-47s, FN-FALs," like "12.9 meter Trintella-class ketch," "end-user certificates," and "crisis-management techniques." She has a positively startling ear: "*En un mot* bye-bye," and "There's considerable feeling we can contain this to an accident," and "The note we want to hit today is a little further toward the more-in-sorrow end of the scale." Or this, in a discussion of the secret signal that will trigger the evacuation of Saigon:

> "I could do better than that," Inez had said . . . "I mean in the middle of April. Out of the blue in the middle of April. I could do considerably better than 'Mother wants you to call home' and 'I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas.' "
>
> "What's your point," Jack Lovett said.
>
> "It's not just the best secret signal I ever heard about."
>
> "It's not going to be just the best evacuation you ever heard about either," Jack Lovett had said. "You want to get down to fine strokes."

Now, the question is, what does all this amount to? Are freeze frames of a handful of people at various moments over a couple of decades really going to come to anything? Where do we get a sense of motion?

But it may be that the reader's journey here is not toward a happy ending, or even an unhappy ending, but toward adopting the narrator's vision of the world. In this vision, every act is random and baffling, "circumstantial," and human beings are ciphers to be studied as intently as distant stars.

You close the book and say, "Was that *it*?" And then you say, "Well, really." And then you go off, feeling vaguely dissatisfied, and look for something with a little more point to it. But later, bits and pieces of *Democracy* come back to you—pictures, still photos. Inez's mother at her dressing table, sitting among her little paper cocktail parasols that resemble "a swarm of brittle butterflies." Jack Lovett describing for Inez the color of the sky during nuclear tests in the Pacific. Inez and Harry Victor dancing on the St. Regis roof. (" 'Marvelous,' she is heard to say repeatedly . . . 'Marvelous day.' 'You look marvelous.' 'Marvelous to be here.' ") And over it all, Joan Didion's own voice:

> What difference did it make in the long run what [Inez] thought, or Harry thought, or Jessie or Adlai did? What difference did it make in the long run whether any one person got the word, called home, dreamed of a white Christmas? The world that night was full of people flying from place to place and fading in and out and there was no reason why she or Harry or Jessie or Adlai, or for that matter Jack Lovett or B. J. or the woman in Vientiane on whose balcony the rain now fell, should be exempted from the general movement.
>
> Just because they believed they had a home to call.
>
> Just because they were Americans.
>
> No.
>
> *En un mot* bye-bye.

ANNE TYLER

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THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST

Ernest Bevin: Foreign Secretary 1945-1951 by Alan Bullock

(Norton, 896 pp., $37.50)

The first volume of Lord Bullock's Bevin trilogy came out almost a quarter of a century ago; the last runs to nine hundred pages, covering Bevin's five years as foreign secretary. (He died a few months after his resignation in 1951.) It is a long book, but not too long. It deals with a critical period in world history and offers much interesting new material. Bevin was not the most successful British foreign secretary; he represented a country in retreat from virtually all its global positions. But he was the greatest in stature in the twentieth century, a giant in comparison with most of his successors and also with subsequent leaders of the Labour party.

He had not wanted the Foreign Office for which many thought him unprepared. The barrow boy from Bristol who had left school at 11 knew no foreign languages and had no social graces. How would he fit into the bulwark of the British upper classes? What a difference it would be to the polished performance of an Anthony Eden.

Yet Bevin was an infinitely stronger character and Eden's career ended in disaster. In fact, Bevin came to be more admired by those working with him than almost any British foreign secretary before or after. True, he continued to drop his aitches, and he did not care about the difference between singular and plural. But he had traveled widely in the 1920s and 1930s and had friends in many countries. During a conference in Moscow he left for old time's sake to look up Alexandra Kollontai, whom he had met at one of the early international socialist conferences. He would never visit New York without talking to his old union friends George Meany, Sidney Hillman, or David Dubinsky; he wanted their assessment of the world situation.

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Even if Bevin had no formal education, then, he had a great deal of knowledge. Keynes was not the only contemporary to marvel at the astonishing capacity and quickness of his mind; and he was a man of enormous experience. Frequently he felt pity for the ambassadors and under secretaries in his office who had lived a sheltered life and, unlike him, had no opportunity to acquire political judgment the hard way—by organizing the dockers and transport workers. He was wholly unselfconscious, a man of great warmth and humanity, and treated everyone alike. Stalin was probably right when he said that Bevin was no gentleman, but in his mouth this meant no more than that Bevin was no pushover. And Bevin was also a great hater. He was vain, egotistical, and could be incredibly obstinate, which was the reverse side of a larger-than-life personality. In his obituary the London *Times* said that he, like Churchill, belonged more to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century—neither conformed to the conventional pattern created by the public schools of the Englishman in public life, with his habits of understatement and self-control.

Bevin was a socialist of impeccable working-class background. For his critics he was an archrevisionist, but this revisionism included fairly sweeping reforms such as the nationalization of steel, coal, gas, electricity, the railways—generally speaking, the social transformation of Britain. Precisely because of his socialist and democratic convictions, he regarded Stalin's Russia as a travesty of socialism. He was far more acutely aware than American liberals (and conservatives) of Soviet intentions in Europe. Stalin's policy did not envisage an armed attack in Europe and would always retreat in the face of determined resistance, but it would exploit all opportunities to widen the Soviet sphere of influence, and from time to time it would also create such opportunities.

For two and a half years after the war, Bevin was virtually alone in understanding this reality. Many American foreign policy makers, such as James Byrnes, then Secretary of State, went out of their way to accommodate Soviet demands, in the hope that this would make Stalin more inclined toward the West. This approach was based on the assumption that Soviet policy was rooted in misperceptions about the West and in an excessive (but historically understandable) craving for security, that it was essentially defensive in character—arguments which sound familiar today.

Bevin felt his task was accomplished when Truman decided, after a long time of indecision and ineffectual opposition to Soviet probings and faits accomplis, that enough was enough. There is a certain apologetic tenor in Lord Bullock's comments on this period; he seems to believe that Bevin has to be defended against the revisionist historians of the cold war. But they have had their day of glory. This is 1984. Why waste time discussing reinterpretations of Stalin's era which are about as close to historical truth as the writings of David Irving on the Nazi era?

BEVIN'S policy came under attack from many quarters and also from within his own party. As Denis Healey wrote at the time, "No Labour man blames Aneurin Bevan for the housing shortage but many seem to think that Ernest Bevin is personally responsible for the apparent deterioration in relations between the Big Three since 1945." Bevin neglected public relations; perhaps he should have drawn into his confidence leading intellectuals such as Harold Laski, Richard Crossman, or the editors of the *New Statesman* (a left-wing weekly, at the time quite influential, now a sad shadow of itself).

But that would have been out of character. Bevin had no respect for the intellectuals of the left whose judgment he had found flawed so often. He did have the solid backing of Prime Minister Clement Attlee, who in later years declared that his relationship with Bevin was the deepest in his political life. He had most of the cabinet on his side, and he could save the day in critical situations with a powerful speech at a party conference or in the House of Commons. Perhaps a little more diplomacy at home would have made his life easier, but it is not certain. For, until the Communist takeover in Czechoslovakia and the Berlin blockade, there were a great many delusions on the left about the character of Soviet foreign policy. There was also the fundamental belief that "Left understands Left" (a slogan wrongly ascribed to Bevin), meaning that the European left and Stalin still shared common articles of socialist faith.

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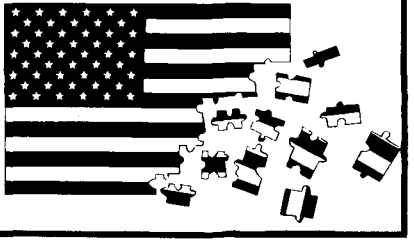

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Early in his career as foreign secretary Bevin realized that "all the world is in trouble and I have to deal with all the troubles at once." He was referring not only to political crises in Europe and the strained relations between the Big Three, but also to the general unrest in what gradually became known as the Third World. Above all, certainly, there was Europe: few of those who did not consciously live through these years, who only know Europe in its post-recovery period, will be able to imagine how close to collapse Western Europe was in the immediate postwar period, not because of outside pressure but because of inner weakness. This was also true of the British economy, and Bevin urgently had to deal with coal, dollar convertibility, and other problems—not unfamiliar to him, to be sure, but demeaning for the foreign minister of a major power, hardly in the tradition of a Palmerston, a Disraeli, or a Salisbury, whose writings he read in his spare time.

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by W. S. Moorhead

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It was Bevin's weakness that he did not fully realize that Britain had ceased to be a major power. This was also true of most other people in London, however, including the group of extraordinarily able young diplomats and foreign policy experts surrounding him. Many years later James Callaghan (then a junior minister) noted that "the mistake we made was to think we won the war." It all seems obvious now, but between 1945 and 1950 Britain was still a power of sorts, and the presence of such world leaders as Churchill (and indeed Bevin) distorted the picture. It should have been clear that decolonialization was a matter of time, a question of a few years. It was thought, however, that the process would take far longer; nor was it anticipated that China would soon emerge as a major force, and that Europe, too, would overtake Britain once the recovery was underway. Thus, Britain was taken more seriously in the late 1940s, and was taking itself more seriously, than objective circumstances warranted.

The case of Palestine is an obvious example. It demanded an inordinate amount of Bevin's time and caused him a great deal of vexation. Bevin has entered history not just as an anti-Zionist but as an anti-Semite. It is true that in the heat of the debate he said things that even some of his closest friends thought insensitive—for instance, his famous remark about the Jews who with all their sufferings wanted to get too much at the head of the queue. Prior to 1945, Bevin had no strong feeling about either Zionism or Jews, and he certainly was no anti-Semite. What made him angry was that the Jews of Europe (and of Palestine and of America) did not want to see the situation as he did, that their scale of priorities was not that of Whitehall, that following the murder of six million they could not care less what kind of queue the Foreign Office had established. They were impatient and did not want to wait until the British Foreign Office would think of some humanitarian settlement—in Europe, perhaps, or another part of the globe. Bevin seems to have thought that the problem would cool off and perhaps go away.

Thirty years earlier the Balfour Declaration had been made, the "last wholly independent imperial act of a British government" (as Christopher Sykes has put it), without any reference at all to pressures from any other great state or combination of states. By 1947, however, the British Mandate in Palestine had become a major nuisance. It complicated relations with other, more important Middle Eastern countries. Bevin knew less about the Middle East than about other parts of the globe, and depended more on Foreign Office advisers here than elsewhere. These advisers belonged to the old school. Their basic approach was shaped more by the traditional lure of the East than by sound political judgment or an awareness that the East they had known was about to disappear. They believed that the Middle East was to remain an area of vital importance for Britain, that Britain was to play a major role for many years to come. They overrated Arab power and unity, they underrated the energy of the Zionists, and they failed to see that after the decision to give up India, Britain no longer needed strategic positions in the area. British interests would have best been served by as quick and elegant an exit as possible.

INSTEAD the Foreign Office (but also the military) tried to hang on for a little longer, as they did in Cyprus, Aden, and elsewhere. The results were unfortunate. Bevin put the blame for his troubles in Palestine (and up to a point Lord Bullock seems to follow him) on the New York Jews and their great political influence. This search for scapegoats is psychologically understandable, perhaps, but it is not very rewarding. The fact is that American Jews had difficulties even in reaching Truman, let alone in influencing him; and the political clout of the oil companies and the anti-Zionists in high government councils was probably equally strong. Nor should it be forgotten that, for many American Jews, Palestine was not a key political issue in 1949, at least as far as their voting behavior was concerned.

Ironically, it cannot even be argued in retrospect that Britain suffered great damage as the result of the Mandate and the ingratitude of the Zionists. On the contrary, its anti-Israeli stance after 1948 helped to mend a few fences in the Arab world. Not that it made a great difference one way or another. The idea that Britain could have a special relationship with the Arab world (and perhaps also with Turkey and Iran) was a fantasy, given Britain's weakened status and the internal divisions in the

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Middle East. Other, stronger powers later learned this lesson the hard way. To be on good terms with one country in the area means to be on bad terms with another. Meanwhile, the oil continues to flow even from the most radical, anti-Western countries. Talk about friendship with the West only fuels suspicious minds in the Middle East, just as military and political pacts tend to be counterproductive.

The events described in Lord Bullock's fine book seem to belong to another world. In some ways, they do: London was then still one of the three political capitals of the world, and British statesmen participated in deliberations on the world's major problems. Today British foreign policy will focus, more likely than not, on Ireland, Iceland, Zimbabwe, the Falkland Islands, or some internal E.E.C. squabble. There is reason to fear that most readers of this book will not even know the name of England's present foreign secretary. One closes the book, then, with a feeling of nostalgia. The foreign ministers of the major powers (and also of the minor ones) seem to have been of somewhat greater stature in bygone days. This is true even with regard to Mr. Mow-lo-tow (as Bevin used to call him), in comparison with the present indestructible incumbent.

WALTER LAQUEUR

Walter Laqueur is director of the research council of the Center for Strategic and International Studies, Georgetown University.

WHAT THE FOUNDERS WROUGHT

The Crisis of American Leadership
by James MacGregor Burns

(Simon and Schuster, 384 pp., $17.95)

The Founders were too clever for us. Two centuries ago (short of three years) they devised the most radical government of the times and it has outlived all the others. But it doesn't seem radical any more. Parts of it are old fashioned; unlike President Reagan's coiffure it begins to show white hairs. In a splendid recapitulation, James MacGregor Burns, professor of political science at Williams College, gives the details in a calm dissertation with an undercurrent of passion.

The danger to America two hundred years ago was that a mob or a monarch would seize power; then the little elective democracy on the fringe of the New World wilderness would be overthrown. To thwart this, the Founders devised an extraordinary government—a political contraption that fragmented authority, counterbalanced one agency with another, and scattered vetoes all over the lot. They did this deliberately and deftly and I defy the modern observer to read these studies without a sense of awe. Burns describes the modern result, something that most of us know in theory but can't quite see in practical terms: Reagan, say, versus Tip O'Neill, each controlling his bailiwick. The Framers arranged it; they morseled up authority and then distributed the pieces "so that conflict would be permanently built into government. Action would be taken only slowly and reflectively." Fine if you feared George III. Terrible if you want to scale down an annual $200 billion deficit. Burns flatly says the present system is dangerous.

Burns has written, I believe, the best current explanation of what the problem is. He has also, I think, understated the problem of change in the hallowed structure; in 1987 we will gather to genuflect to the majestic two-hundred-year-old shrine while the foundations are threatened. How do we know this? Well, for one thing, a lot of voters don't bother to vote anymore. What good does it do, they ask? They hail the system but don't practice it. Here is the percentage of eligible voters who voted in the last six elections (the actual participants out of the number eligible to vote): 1960, 64.0 percent; 1964, 61.7 percent; 1968, 60.6 percent; 1972, 55.6 percent; 1976, 54.4 percent; 1980, 53.95 percent. It's gone down five times like a flight of stairs. I hope the direction reverses this year. For one thing, Jesse Jackson's intervention has deeply stirred the black community, but even so the figure is disturbing. In Canada, in 1980, 75.5 percent voted.

Is there a way out of deadlock and

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apathy? "Yes," says Burns, "and a difficult one." As a start, he would rejuvenate the political parties. He thinks Republicans have already had a partial clarification under Reagan; now he turns to the Democrats. (Burns is himself a Democrat, though he never lost amateur status: he once ran for office in Massachusetts and was associated in the White House with Kennedy and Carter.) He wants a "far more principled, pragmatic, and committed party than it is today."

> This would call not so much for liberalizing its platform (the Democratic platform is already radical in rhetoric) as for encouraging and requiring the Democracy to live up to its existing principles. This in turn would call for the choosing of Democratic Party leadership that would break away from the present centrist and incremental tactics of the national Democracy to mobilize the support of the tens of millions of Americans presently antagonized or bored by both parties. But that new leadership would be committed not only to winning but to *governing*.

"Will this happen? It could come about," he speculates, "through a combination of transformational leadership and a detonating incident." That latter, he thinks, "might be a stupendous international or foreign policy crisis, though in the past the detonating event has almost always been a domestic one."

Burns, I think intentionally, skips over the difficulty of reform. But his proposals necessarily involve tinkering with the Constitution: "The Framers bequeathed us a structure of power that today not only fragments creative and collective leadership but frustrates any major effort of leaders to get rid of its anti-leadership qualities." How achieve the change? Ultimately, he argues, there must be sweeping alterations. He wants a new party structure bolstered by constitutional changes to "break the power deadlock in Washington." He agrees that remedies must go far to "outwit the Framers' cunning." For example, in elections he wants a "team ticket," one that binds together on the ballot a jointly elected President, Senator, and Representative.

On the surface this study could be mistaken for a new academic survey of where we are and how we got here. Without particular comment Burns notes that the fifty-five at Philadelphia almost gave us the so-called "parliamentary system," which hadn't been invented yet; he says that "No less than five times they voted in favor of selection of the new chief executive by the legislature. If this plan had stuck the Framers would have given us the essence of a parliamentary system of government—the first on the globe." They didn't, more's the pity. They achieved a spectacular success for the time being in the Constitution they did invent, Burns argues, but one vastly in need of modernizing now. It has created "political malaise in America today," he says; it has produced "failures of rational and democratic decision making, leadership and followship, effective and responsible government. . . . It is above all the decline of party in the United States that has made the citizen's task so overpowering."

Burns sees restlessness all over the country and he notes that Washington newsmen often return to the capital reporting the same discovery. The declining popular vote, the unbalanced budget, Lebanon, Watergate, the nuclear arms race—do these indicate gathering uncertainty? Rather quietly Burns closes his book with a question. "Can we imagine men or women in this decade or the next who would dare to exercise the kind of transforming leadership necessary to duplicate the Framers' feats of institution-building in meeting modern social and economic needs? We can," he thinks,

> if we can imagine such leaders not as heroes on white chargers riding to our rescue but as committed persons responding to needs and hopes welling out of grassroots activism. We know that among the general public, distrust in government and lack of confidence in leadership have escalated in the last quarter century, and not only since Watergate and Vietnam: hence there is a mass potential for change.

Well, maybe. Will the modern day Jeffersons and Madisons please stand up? Burns says they are there, and that their time may be close. Are they waiting for "transforming leadership," or maybe a "detonating incident"?

RICHARD L. STROUT

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

The Black Book of Polish Censorship translated and edited by Jane Leftwich Curry (Random House). An invaluable inside view of the workings of Communist censorship. (Reviewed 4/2/84)

Congress and the Common Good by Arthur Maass (Basic). A book that makes sense of the most complicated legislature in the world. (4/2/84)

I Wish This War Were Over by Diana O'Hehir (Atheneum). A first novel whose people and places are unforgettably vivid. (3/19/84)

The High Walls of Jerusalem: A History of the Balfour Declaration and the Birth of the British Mandate for Palestine by Ronald Sanders (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). A clear and comprehensive account of one of modern diplomacy's most influential documents. (3/19/84)

Hazlitt: The Mind of a Critic, by David Bromwich (Oxford University Press). A major study of England's most restless Romantic. (3/12/84)

An Interrupted Life: The Diaries of Etty Hillesum, 1941-1943 translated by Arno Pomerans, edited by J. G. Gaarlandt (Pantheon). The spiritual and sensual reflections of a young Jewish woman who died in a concentration camp. (3/26/84)

A Late Divorce, by A. B. Yehoshua, translated by Hillel Halkin (Doubleday). A wise Israeli novel, under the sign of Faulkner. (3/12/84)

The Wall Jumper, by Peter Schneider, translated by Leigh Hafrey (Pantheon). A novel about dislocated lives on both sides of the Berlin Wall. (3/5/84)

The Heyday of American Communism: The Depression Decade, by Harvey Klehr (Basic). The last word on the American Communist movement's ties to Moscow. (3/5/84)

Otto Klemperer: His Life and Times, Volume I: 1885-1933, by Peter Heyworth (Cambridge University Press). A groundbreaking account of one of the great musical figures of the century. (2/27/84)

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

good and nonculpable victims of the structure. Hence, the lucky rich and unlucky poor. How good and nonculpable people make an unjust structure is never explained.

Money redistribution schemes have made the possibility for work improbable in a large sector of our society. It is correct to say that wealth has no moral imperatives. But individual work and productivity do have moral claims. As a conservative, I say that in 1988 the top item on the liberal agenda should be the redistribution of the work ethic.

THOMAS A. MARSHALL
Birmingham, Michigan

CULTURE OF THE LEFT

To the editors:

One wonders, judging from Irving Howe's "Toward An Open Culture" (TNR, March 5), whether the usually astute Mr. Howe fully appreciates the requirements of openness—as they apply to the contemporary left as well as to the supposedly dominant conservative outlook he attacks.

The "ideological narrowness" Mr. Howe decries surely characterizes, for example, the feminist left as much as it does some segments of the evangelical movement or the Moral Majority. Thus, "rhetorical intimidation" and "institutional pressure"—deplored by Howe—have been exerted by feminists in the form of textbook censorship (through the National Council of Teachers of English), and the attempted muzzling of broadcasters (by the National Organization of Women).

The truth is that the liberal and radical left exhibit a consistent uneasiness, and often a distaste, for other genuine subcultures—and for traditional religious values generally. Mr. Howe's model of the internal cultural tensions in democratic societies is an intriguing one—but cultural pluralism, if it is to be authentically invoked, must work both ways.

ROBERT L. COHEN
Brooklyn, New York

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

TRB, *from page 6*

idea, but can you really build a solid liberal platform out of gimmicks like this? How serious can a man be whose political views were profoundly affected by *Megatrends*?

Paleoliberals are not trendy. Their "ideas" don't derive from arid cogitation. Positions on particular issues grow from roots in the causes and communities long associated with the Democratic Party. These are mostly worthy causes and deserving communities. But paleoliberalism came to a genuine impasse in 1980, not just politically but intellectually. In the hands of the paleos, the Democratic Party seemed to have become a reactionary force, more committed to preserving all current government agencies, programs, and regulations than to the ideal of social justice. The paleoliberal vision of goverment by interest group had produced a society resembling gridlock in Manhattan on a matinee afternoon, where everyone asserts an absolute right to proceed and nobody gets anywhere as a result.

Mondale has roots. Though his campaign has "Made in Washington" stamped all over it, it is made of time-tested Democratic parts. However, the notion that Mondale is the man of substance while Hart is the man of "tinsel and public relations" (Mondale's phrase) does not bear scrutiny. Over the past few years, while Hart was pondering policy, albeit in a self-consciously high-minded way, Mondale was putting together his machine. Now he's trying to save his campaign by analyzing Hart's proposals one by one and running like a tattletale to every interest group whose toes might get stepped on.

The true leader is the one who neither embraces "special interests" nor denounces them like Satan, but tries to make people understand that the special-interest conspiracy against the general interest is one we've all joined, and we'll all be better off generally if we relent a bit in our specific demands on the system. Mondale can't do it. Asked specifically what sacrifice he would ask of the average family, he couldn't bring himself to name a single one. "I would like to lighten the burden on them a little bit," he said. Hart's been Ask-Notting around the country in a Kennedyesque way that is a bit unnerving. But guess what? Maybe it's something people are ready to hear.

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PROVIDENCE DIARIST

The Perils of Polling

IT'S 4:30 P.M. on Super Tuesday. I'm sitting in an enormous, dusty room that serves most of the time as a garage for the city of Providence's Water Department and some of the time as a polling place. Rhode Island is one of the five states holding a primary, so today it's a polling place. Across from me sit five matronly women armed with voter registration data. They seem to be having a good time; in between processing voters, there is plenty of time to trade gossip, sip coffee, and sew. To my right is a more recent addition to the polling place scene: an exit pollster for ABC News. NBC's exit pollster cheated and left early. The truth is, exit pollsters aren't supposed to be anywhere near this close to an actual voting booth—they're not even supposed to be indoors—but what the heck. It's been snowing furiously all day, and the Providence election official in charge of monitoring such things hasn't had the heart to throw them out. "He even brings me coffee," the ABC exit pollster confides.

OUR EXIT POLLSTER—we'll call her Edith, since that's her name—has set up a little snack table on which she has placed the tools of her trade. She's got two questionnaires (a long one and a short one), a cardboard box with the ABC logo and a slit in the top for completed questionnaires, two clipboards, and a few pencils. At first glance it looks about as impressive as anything George Gallup might put together. The long form contains twenty-one questions, some of which ask voters the reason for their choices ("He's a strong leader." "He'll hold down unemployment"), while others delve into their backgrounds. This is the raw material that will be fed into ABC's computers, allowing Barry Serafin, Mr. Data this year for ABC News, to flood the airwaves later tonight with filler like this: "Rhode Island independents have voted 61 percent in favor of Gary Hart."

EDITH ALSO HAS fairly strict marching orders. They're printed on a computer sheet, which she shows me. She is supposed to arrive at the polling place at 6:45, and then conduct her polls at three separate intervals during the day: 7:00 to 10:20, 11:20 to 3:00, and 4:10 to 7:40. At 10:30, 3:10, and 7:50 she is expected to call in what she's got so far. She is only supposed to approach every second person who votes, and under no circumstances is she to hand out the short form—which asks simply who you voted for—while the long form is still being filled out by someone else. On the other hand, here it is 4:30, a good twenty minutes after Edith's schedule says she should be back on the job, and she is munching away on a sandwich. She glances at her watch. "For what they're paying me"—$5 an hour—"they can wait a few minutes," she explains.

THERE ARE LARGER scandals as well. The NBC exit pollster was only supposed to hand out questionnaires to one out of every three voters, but she was so anxious to meet her quota and get home that she approached practically everyone who walked in the door, including several of the women who were working the voting booths. And when Edith finally does get back to work, I begin to see that exit polling is not quite the exact science ABC might like you to think it is. Two women leave the voting booth with intent scowls on their faces. Edith steps toward them, clipboard in hand, and then thinks better of it. "Ah, I'll get the next person," she says to me. She also lets pass people who seem in an obvious hurry. But when two men walk by who look to be about twenty years old, Edith pounces. She explains why she prefers young voters. "They almost never turn you down," she says. After watching Edith in action for a while, I start to think that Barry Serafin might be more accurate if he said, "Young Rhode Island independents with time on their hands and sunny dispositions have voted 61 percent in favor of Gary Hart." Does this skew the results? Who knows? Edith tells me that two out of every three voters she's polled favor Hart, but according to the next day's *Providence Journal*, he ended up with only 47 percent of the vote.

IF EXIT POLLS prove anything, it is the magical hold television has over most of us. In Washington, there may be a great hue and cry over the worth of exit polling, but down here in the bowels of the Providence Water Department, nobody seems overly concerned. On the contrary: most of the people Edith approaches are delighted to fill out her questionnaires. The obvious reason is that what they're doing is going to show up, however tangentially, on the tube. "Am I going to be part of the 'trend' tonight?" giggles an obviously tickled woman. I saw only one man who seemed even vaguely worried about the use to which his exit poll would be put. "They're not going to give the results before 9:00 P.M. are they?" he asks. (Nine o'clock is when the polls close in Rhode Island.) Edith promises him that they won't—and then turns to me and whispers, "If he wants to think that, it's fine with me." Actually, although Edith doesn't realize it, ABC does have a policy of not revealing results until the polls have closed. I assume the policy is an attempt to keep the critics at bay, but it doesn't stop Peter Jennings from finding more circuitous ways of letting his viewers know what's going on. That's what "trending" is all about. At 8:00 P.M., just moments after Edith has called in her final results, but a full hour before the polls close, Jennings announces that "The trend shows Gary Hart is doing very well—extremely well—in Rhode Island." Then he throws in the obligatory cautionary note: "This is not a result. This is only a trend."

ONE THING I WONDERED was whether the people who were filling out ABC's questionnaires really had thought much about whether they preferred Gary Hart because they felt he would be "a strong leader" or whether they believed Walter Mondale would "hold down unemployment." So I did a little exit polling of my own. Exactly 66.6 percent of my respondents had indeed pondered such matters and felt ABC's questions fairly represented the kinds of issues they had been grappling with. The other 33.3 percent disagreed. "Really, I just voted with my gut," he said.

JOSEPH NOCERA

Joseph Nocera is an associate editor of *Texas Monthly*.

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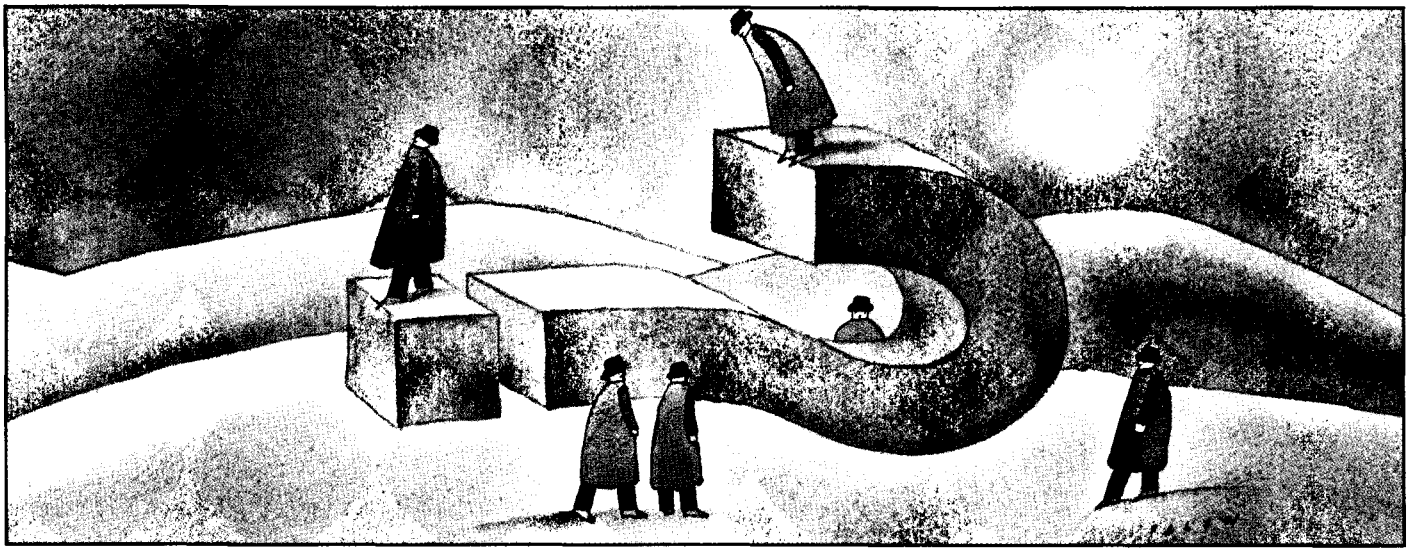


NUCLEAR WASTE DISPOSAL
Scientists have an answer

Scientists and engineers agree that high-level waste from nuclear-electric power plants can be disposed of without harming people or the environment. They favor placing the sealed-up waste deep within natural geologic formations that have been stable for millions of years.

In nuclear plants, the uranium fuel pellets that are used to generate energy accumulate a small percentage of highly radioactive byproducts called high-level waste.

A solid majority of scientists have concluded that the best way to dispose of this waste is sealing it in long-lasting canisters, which are then placed in mined repositories deep underground.

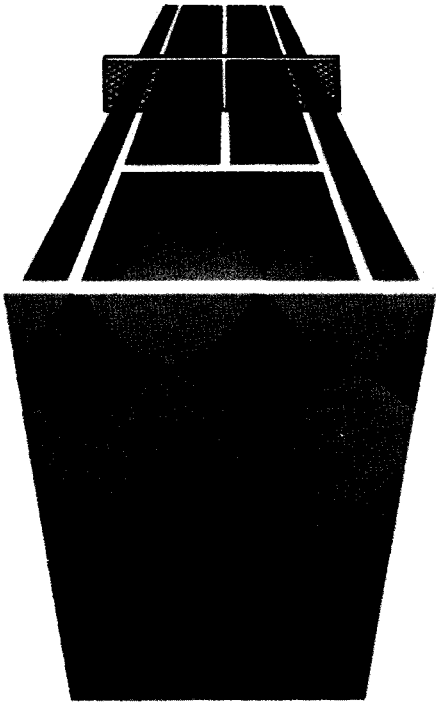
Scientists worldwide say disposal is practical and safe

Over 25 years of experience in managing nuclear waste have led to an international scientific consensus: The many natural and engineered barriers of a deep geologic repository will keep high-level waste safely isolated from our environment and our descendants. Countries pursuing this disposal method include West Germany, Canada, Switzerland, and Sweden.

The respected National Academy of Sciences and other eminent scientific bodies have reaffirmed that high-level nuclear waste can be disposed of thousands of feet underground, in geologic formations that have been stable for millions of years.

America's new law on nuclear waste

With this scientific consensus as background, Congress has passed and the President has signed into law the Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982.



The actual volume of high-level radioactive waste from nuclear power plants is small. The volume taken up by all the used uranium fuel produced to date by America's 80 commercial nuclear reactors is the same as the volume of a single tennis court about 45 feet deep.

It calls for lowering the sealed-up waste (in a glass- or ceramic-like form) about 2500 feet underground, into geologic formations such as granite, basalt, or salt.

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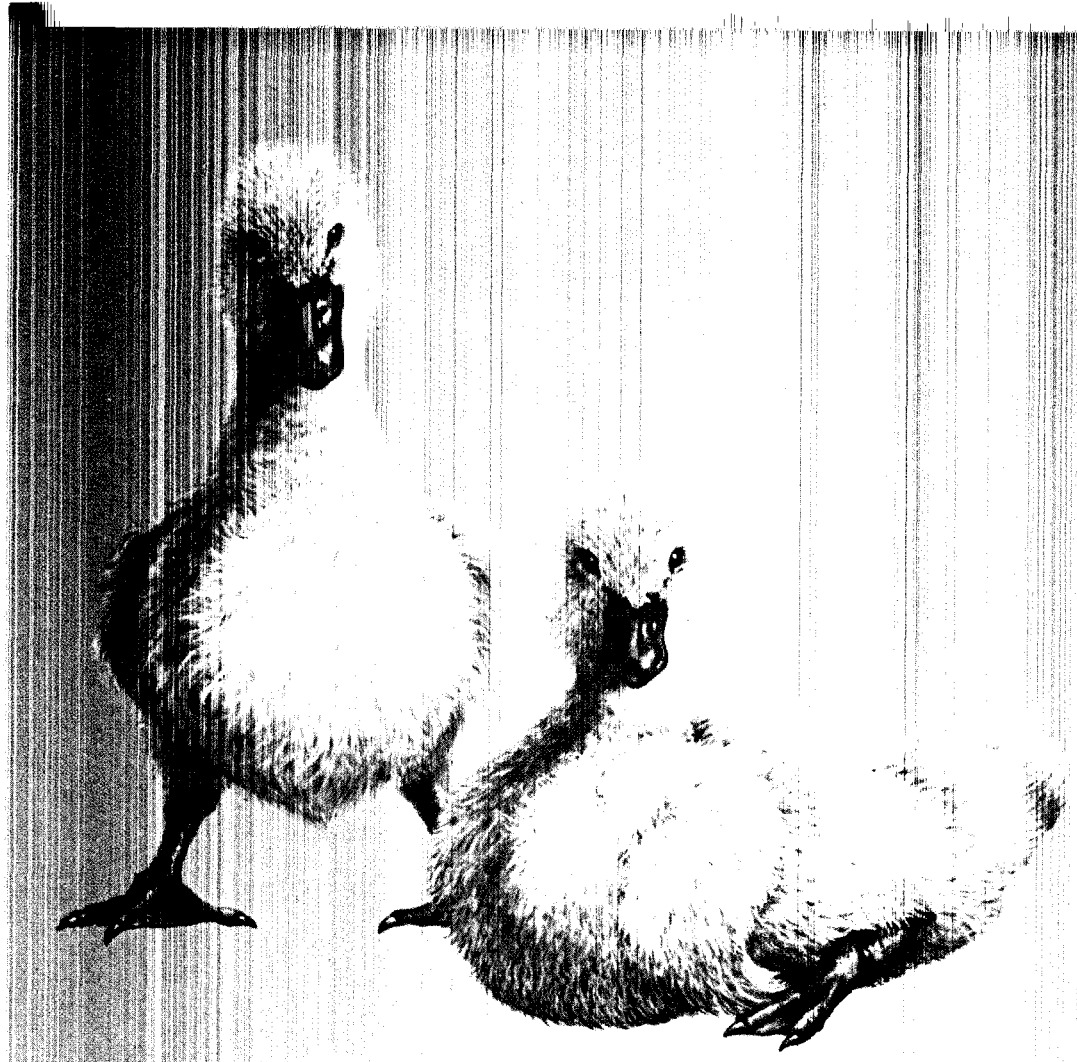

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